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JANUARY 31, 1969

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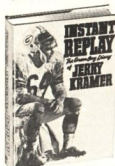


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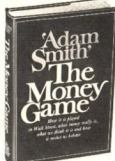
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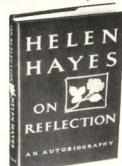
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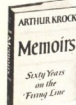
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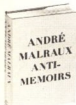
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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, January 29

THE GLEN CAMPBELL GOODTIME HOUR (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.).* Glen Campbell stars in the premiere of his new variety hour with Guests Tom and Dick Smothers, Bobbie Gentry, Pat Paulsen and Singer-Composer John Hartford.

Thursday, January 30

NET PLAYHOUSE (NET, 8-9:30 p.m.). Athol Fugard's drama, *The Blood Knot*, explores the relationship of two South African brothers—one black and the other who could pass for white.

Friday, January 31

THE HARLEM GLOBETROTTERS (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Soupy Sales will act as the Trotters' coach in a game against the Washington Generals at the Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, N.Y.

Saturday, February 1

THE ANDY WILLIAMS SAN DIEGO OPEN (ABC, 6:30-7:30 p.m.). The third round from Torrey Pines Golf Course, San Diego. The fourth round on Sunday from 5-7 p.m.

Sunday, February 2

CBS CHILDREN'S FILM FESTIVAL (CBS, 1:30-2:30 p.m.). *Skinny and Fatty* is a Japanese film about two young boys, one of whom is introspective and the other outgoing, and their involvement with the adult world. Repeat.

NATIONAL HOCKEY LEAGUE (CBS, 2:30-5 p.m.). Montreal at Chicago.

THE 21ST CENTURY (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). "The Wild Cell" takes a look at the latest research to determine the cause and cure of cancer.

MUTUAL OF OMAHA'S WILD KINGDOM (NBC, 6:30-7 p.m.). The annual spawning run of salmon fighting their way up Alaskan rivers is detailed in "The Return of the Salmon."

WALT DISNEY'S WONDERFUL WORLD OF COLOR (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). A wily Texas canine matches wits with a thief intent on stealing from an itinerant peddler's wagon in "Pancho, Fastest Paw in the West."

Monday, February 3

NET JOURNAL (NET, 9-10 p.m.). "American Samoa: Paradise Lost?" examines the tropical paradise now in the throes of a "culture clash" since educational television has revolutionized learning and tourists have discovered Pago Pago.

Tuesday, February 4

NET FESTIVAL (NET, 9-10 p.m.). Cinema choreography through the years from Busby Berkeley to Shirley Clarke is the subject for "The Film Generation on Dance."

THEATER

On Broadway

HADRIAN VII is a deft dramatization by Peter Luke of fact and fantasy in the life of Frederick William Rolfe, a would-be priest who dreamed of being called first to the cloth and then to the throne of St. Peter—becoming the second English

* All times E.S.T.

Pope in history. With an outstanding command of technique and a wealth of small mannerisms under perfect control, Alec McCowen displays Rolfe's narcissism and cunning, his insincerity, vulnerability and genuine religious obsession. His performance may well be one of the major theatrical events of the decade.

FORTY CARATS is a comedy with Julie Harris as a middle-aged divorcee and Marco St. John as the young man who successfully woos her with ozo. Directed with crisp agility by Abe Burrows, the play is never less than civilized fun.

PROMISES, PROMISES is a slick, amiable and derivative musical based on the film *The Apartment*. Jerry Orbach is splendid as the tall, gangling anti-hero, but the rhythms of Burt Bacharach's score sound something like sporadic rifle fire.

JIMMY SHINE. Playwright Murray Schisgal has created a totally transparent character; to see him once is to know him totally. What makes Jimmy more winning than his fate is Dustin Hoffman's bravura performance as the luckless misadventurer.

ZORBA. Producer-Director Harold Prince seems to have tried to fashion a sequel to his *Fiddler on the Roof*, camouflaged with a Greek accent. But Zorba isn't Jewish, and the miscasting and bogus bouzouki music scarcely ever evoke the characteristic tone of Levantine lament.

KING LEAR is the best work that the Lincoln Center Repertory Theater has ever offered. Lee J. Cobb, aided by a supporting cast that truly supports, gives the best performance of his career in the title role.

Off Broadway

LITTLE MURDER. This revival of Cartoonist Jules Feiffer's first full-length play still suffers from being a series of animated cartoons spliced together rather than an organic drama. What Feiffer does achieve, with the aid of Alan Arkin's masterly direction and a remarkably resourceful cast, is social observation that is razor sharp.

TO BE YOUNG, GIFTED AND BLACK is something of a milestone in the current black-white confrontation. In a tribute to the late Lorraine Hansberry put together from her own writings, the able, interracial cast puts on a performance that reflects her hot anger and indignity.

DAMES AT SEA. This parody of the old Busby Berkeley-type movie musicals of the '30s has an engaging cast headed by Bernadette Peters, and some of the most ingenious staging on or off Broadway.

TEA PARTY and THE BASEMENT are two one-acters by Harold Pinter. In *Tea Party*, Sisson, a manufacturer of bidets, is thrown into a catatonic state at an office tea party by the ambiguous relationships of his family and his secretary. *The Basement* is about a man and his girl friend who move in to share an old chum's flat.

RECORDINGS

Modern composers—inspired by the development of stereophonic tape and amplifiers—have rediscovered the possibilities of space in music, and they have made it a component of their works, much in the way that Renaissance musicians placed brass choirs in several corners of a cathedral, so that their sounds could meet, mingle and clash. With the following avant-garde works, listening to the music at home on stereo speakers or headphones is

probably a better way to comprehend the composer's design than hearing it in a concert hall:

KARLHEINZ STOCKHAUSEN: GRUPPEN FOR THREE ORCHESTRAS, CARRE FOR FOUR ORCHESTRAS AND FOUR CHOIRS (Deutsche Grammophon). Composed between 1955 and 1959, these scores represent Stockhausen's first space compositions using nonelectronic sounds. Significantly, both works had their premières in large, barnlike fairground buildings rather than on normal concert stages. In *Gruppen*, three orchestral groups totaling 109 players curve around three sides of the audience; in *Carre*, four groups of 20 players each, plus eight to twelve singers, face outward from a central circle. Both compositions fill the air with hard-edged blocks of dissonance that collide, clash and splinter with a force that is almost visual. The ultimate result is not unlike life in a crowded tenement building, with many windows open and a blaring radio in each apartment.

ELLIOTT CARTER: DOUBLE CONCERTO (Columbia). This terse, intensely cerebral score creates its stereophonic effect across the expanse of a normal concert stage, as two small orchestras, one centered around a harpsichord and the other around a piano—but both conducted by Frederik Prausnitz—toss questions and answers back and forth on some unnamed, obviously serious topic. The most striking musical effect is a slow, undulating, ill-tempered growl from the percussion toward the end of the piece that seems to sweep back and forth from one group to the other, murmuring imprecations at both.

GYÖRGY LIGETI: LUX AETERNA (Deutsche Grammophon). Moviegoers may be familiar with Ligeti's score from its use in 2001: *A Space Odyssey*, where it accompanies the discovery of the monolith on the moon. The music is not conceived stereophonically but, like a clever piece of audible art, achieves that effect from its dense-textured 16-part counterpoint, which seems to shimmer around its source in concentric waves. As an exercise in the deceptive qualities of pure sound, it is an awesome tour de force.

CINEMA

RED BEARD. Japan's Akira Kurosawa is one of the world's greatest film makers, and in this deceptively simple story about the spiritual growth of a young doctor, he has made one of his greatest films. Kurosawa's canvas is the whole range of human experience. His techniques are impeccable, and his actors—especially the justly famed Toshiro Mifune—are among the most accomplished ever to appear on screen.

THE SHAME. Ingmar Bergman's 29th film is a tonal allegory involving a nameless war, a broken marriage and existential doubt. The performances by such Bergman regulars as Max von Sydow and Gunnar Björnstrand are letter-perfect, but Liv Ullmann, newest member of the Bergman company, portrays the spectrum of feminine response with special brilliance.

FACES. John Cassavetes wrote and directed this grim and gritty study of the vicissitudes of love and marriage at middle age. The film is alternately powerful and dreary and demands more sympathy for its characters than many members of the audience will want to give.

THE FIXER is actually a 20th century Job, who becomes, to his own surprise, something of a hero. John Frankenheimer

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directs this adaptation of Bernard Malamud's novel with impressive force, while such actors as Alan Bates (in the title role), Dirk Bogarde and Ian Holm play difficult parts with vigorous dedication.

THE NIGHT THEY RAIDED MINSKY'S is a bright and sassy vaudeville valentine to oldtime burlesque. The tone of the film is predominantly affectionate, and excellent performances by Jason Robards, Norman Wisdom, Britt Ekland, Harry Andrews and Joseph Wiseman contribute to the general revelry.

THE FIREMEN'S BALL. Under the direction of Miloš Forman (*Loves of a Blonde*), a group of firemen stage a party in honor of their retiring chief and act out a neat parody of Communist bureaucracy.

CHITTY CHITTY BANG BANG is the sound that a magic car makes in this slightly less than enchanting musical about a pixilated inventor (Dick Van Dyke), his two pixilated offspring and his pixilated girl friend (Sally Ann Howes).

OLIVER is a treat—and a sumptuous one—for everyone in the family. Dickens' reformist zeal has been eliminated, but a good score, handsome sets, wizardly direction (by Carol Reed) and sprightly performances are ample compensation.

YELLOW SUBMARINE. The Beatles appear in animated form in this sprightly and sometimes derivative cartoon adventure that goes on for too long but has some amusing moments, thanks mostly to the droll ideas and graphic artistry of Animator Heinz Edelmann.

BULLITT. Steve McQueen is a tough, ice-cold San Francisco cop, pursuing bad guys all over the place. The story is com-

fortably familiar, but Director Peter Yates freshens it up with some modish visual effects and a chase scene that seems to physically involve the viewer.

BOOKS

Best Reading

HIS TOY, HIS DREAM, HIS REST. by John Berryman. Concluding the cycle of poems begun in 77 *Dream Songs* about a white American in early middle age, Berryman comments on life in the last eleven years and the whole range of human experience.

ALEXANDER POPE. by Peter Quennell. A lucid biography of the great 18th-century poet, a proud and petulant man who used words as sticks and stones in his savage satires.

THE VALACHI PAPERS. by Peter Maas, recounts one man's career in the Mafia. The tale is made all the more fascinating by the author's observation: "If the Cosa Nostra's illegal profits were reported, the country could meet its present obligations with a 10% tax reduction instead of a 10% surcharge increase."

JOYCE CARY. by Malcolm Foster. The discontent of the artist in organized society emerges as the major theme in this first full-scale biography of the late author of such novels as *The Horse's Mouth* and *Herself Surprised*.

SILENCE ON MONTE SOLE. by Jack Olsen. In the fall of 1944, Nazi SS death squads rounded up, shot down, grenaded and then burned more than 1,800 inhabitants of the villages around Monte Sole in north central Italy. Author Olsen performs a journalistic tour de force as he records

this atrocity, which was only a footnote to the story of the Italian campaign.

MILLAIS AND THE RUSKINS. by Mary Lutyens. The odd marriage of the Victorian critic and esthete is given an enlightened going over by a British biographer.

TURPIN. by Stephen Jones. Beneath apparently calm minds, this novel discovers roiling terrors and savage comedy.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The Salzburg Connection, MacInnes (1 last week)
2. A Small Town in Germany, le Carré (2)
3. Airport, Hailey (3)
4. Preserve and Protect, Drury (4)
5. Force 10 from Navarone, MacLean (7)
6. And Other Stories, O'Hara (6)
7. The First Circle, Solzhenitsyn (5)
8. Testimony of Two Men, Caldwell (10)
9. A World of Profit, Auchincloss
10. The Hurricane Years, Hawley (9)

NONFICTION

1. The Money Game, 'Adam Smith' (1)
2. The Day Kennedy Was Shot, Bishop (4)
3. The Arms of Krupp, Manchester (2)
4. Sixty Years on the Firing Line, Krock (8)
5. Instant Replay, Kramer (3)
6. Anti-Memoirs, Malraux (9)
7. The Joys of Yiddish, Rosten (10)
8. The Rich and the Super-Rich, Lundberg (5)
9. Miss Craig's 21-Day Shape-Up Program for Men and Women, Craig
10. Lonesome Cities, McKuen

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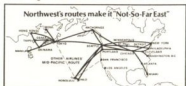
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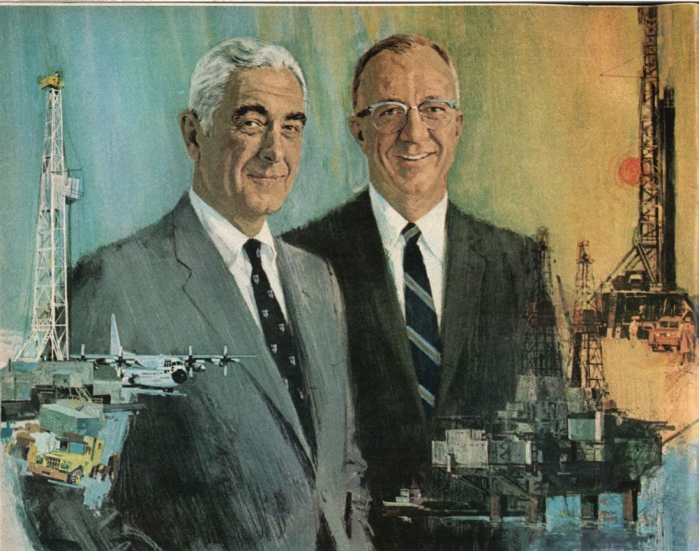
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LETTERS

Wasp Stings

Sir: In good humor, I must protest your Essay, "Are The WASPS Coming Back . . . ?" (Jan 17), because of your lack of understanding of just who is a Wasp!

Your misleading statement, which would include as Wasps such Presidents as Thomas Jefferson, James Monroe, Andrew Jackson, James Knox Polk, James Buchanan, Rutherford B. Hayes, William McKinley and Woodrow Wilson, stuns my Celtic image. They were Celts!

Anglo-Saxons are Germanic peoples; Angles and Saxons came to England to clobber the native inhabitants (Celts), many of whom fled to the mountainous sections of Wales, Scotland and to Ireland and to the Isle of Man.

Theodore Roosevelt, though paternally of Dutch descent, was Celtic on his mother's side of the house (Bulloch), and F.D.R. was descended from the Clan Livingstone of Argyllshire. Be careful, too, in classifying Senator Edmund Muskie as Polish; several thousand Celts settled his country many centuries ago! John D. Rockefeller is Celtic through the Davison branch. True, Bundy, Diller, Coffin, are Wasps, but not McCloy and Wallace.

The Celtic nations of Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Isle of Man, Cornwall and Brittany are proud of their heritage and will never submerge in a diluted Anglo-Saxon rigidity and repressiveness!

After all, it was the fervor of Celtic Patrick Henry which stirred the imaginations of colonial Americans!

(THE REV.) JAMES A. M. HANNA
United Presbyterian Church
Oak Hill, Ohio

Sir: Good grief! Color me Roman Catholic and add an exultant, buoyant *Deo Gratias*. Could life be as dull and dutiful as the Wasp world you fashion?

PAT SOMERS CRONIN

Chicago

Sir: I protest the use of the term Wasp as the equivalent of "Americans of the old stock." There is a comparatively small but very proud and loyal group of people in the U.S. whose ancestors were both Catholics and Americans long before the influx of ethnic groups. They include Marylanders, Frenchmen in St. Louis and New Orleans, Castilian Spaniards in the Southwest and certain families in Philadelphia and other coast cities. Mr. Sargent Shriver is the most prominent man of this group at the present time. To refer to him as a "Waspian" is as insulting as it would have been to accuse Charles Carroll of Carrollton of trying to gain equality with John Adams. In both cases, the equality already existed. Also, your reference to the Veiled Prophet's Ball as a "Wasp event" is strange to anyone from the St. Louis area. We consider the Bakewells and the Desloges, the Chouteaus and Christys as the "inner core" of St. Louis life.

ROSE JOSEPHINE BOYLAN
East St. Louis, Ill.

Goodbye, with Thanks

Sir: On Tuesday, Jan. 14, Americans could have realized that the govt. man who has been every American's scapegoat for the past five years was indeed sincere in his efforts to move the U.S. ahead. Economic, domestic and international problems have long been festering in our country and the world. They did not arrive in Washington when Lyndon Johnson took of-

fice; nor is it likely that they will leave with Richard Nixon as President.

If Johnson failed to reach his goals, it is only because his goals were the gigantic ideals most Americans hold. He thought we could meet these goals together. Evidently, we couldn't. He didn't live up to our idea of a great President? Maybe we didn't live up to his idea of a great America either. He did move us closer to the answers to many of our problems. No human could do more, no fellow human could ask more of him. Beneath the painful criticisms, Lyndon Johnson's was one of the most progressive, active administrations our nation has seen for a long time.

DEBBI EWING

Hobart, Ind.

Tiger by the Tail

Sir: Fox and Tiger certainly offer some entertaining and useful hypotheses in their attempt to unravel the biological bases for human behavior (Jan. 17). They argue that "men are biologically more political than women, in the sense that they have a greater ability to what psychologists call 'bonding' or the ability to forge lasting relationships." If by "political" one means loyalty to a chosen leader, manipulations of the *quid pro quo* variety and gang behavior, one should recall that women have been prevented from indulging in such sports by the fact that aggressive, active, manipulative, gang-oriented women cannot expect to find husbands in present-day America. Within my own acquaintance, indeed, there are older women who do not vote because they do not think voting is a woman's business. Such cultural lag between the precepts of women's behavior that were the product of Victorian schooling and more modern ideas of equality should be examined as still existing as well in the minds of many male investigators; one might call it genito-centrism.

Again, Fox and Tiger make an astonishing generalization about control over sex and aggression, feelings about status and group loyalty, possessiveness and a host of other behavior patterns: "all these are part and parcel of the evolution of the brain." The brain? Do these gentlemen know anything about the socializing of human infants? Do they know how much animal behavior is learned? We must be aware of attributing permanent characteristics to a physical organ that, like a computer, depends to a large extent on how it is programmed by each generation.

ESTELLE JUSSIM

South Hadley, Mass.

Sir: When Plato, to enthusiastic applause, defined man as a featherless biped, the cynic Diogenes left the Academy, returned a short time later and held up a plucked chicken, crying, "Here is your man!" Certainly it does not take a Diogenes to see the absurdity in attempting to explain man's behavior, so patently unanimal-like, in terms of animals—as men like Lorenz, Washburn and others do. These men commit the same errors as 19th century biological determinists, universalizing a very limited explanation of man's activities. Man is emphatically not an animal. The reason that so much of his activities appear "unnatural" to Mr. Fox is that man does not act out of instinct; his actions are defined by conscious intention, which no animal possesses.

EUGENE P. MCCREARY

Champaign, Ill.

P.S.

Sir: Ex *Post* facto re your fine, nostalgic report on *The Saturday Evening Post*. Ironically, our sad final day on the job—and the date of your issue—was Jan. 17, the 263rd anniversary of the birth of Benjamin Franklin.

RICHARD LEHMAN

Copy Chief

The Saturday Evening Post
Edison, N.J.

Sir: The demise of *The Saturday Evening Post* was decided back in 1961 when the *Post*, through a minor editor, covered the annual convention of magicians here.

I was with the late Harry Blackstone, foremost of magicians, when he moved to Colon in the mid-twenties and purchased a local island for his summer home. The town soon became known as "Magic City." In 1945 Maurice Zolotow did a long *Post* story about Blackstone ("Magician No. 1.")

An older Blackstone was a highly honored guest at the 1961 convention, having traveled here from retirement in Los Angeles. Ill with asthma, he gave hours of his scarce time to pose under hot lights in an unventilated old opera house so that a *Post* photographer could take roll after roll of color photographs for another article.

When the *Post* story ("Magic's Merry Mecca") appeared in 1962, the only photograph included was mostly of a young female contortionist, in bra and G-string, sitting on a rug in the middle of Colon's main street. It occupied most of one page. Of Blackstone, the *Post* stated: "... a magnificent relic." The final comment Blackstone made to me was, "I'll turn them into rabbits."

KEN MURRAY

Colon, Mich.

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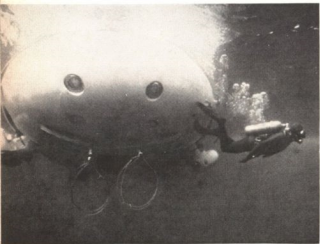
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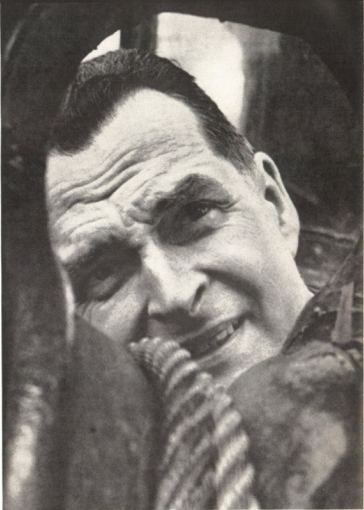
"We've got to stop



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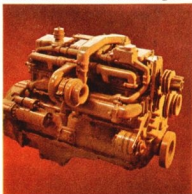
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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

January 31, 1969 Vol. 93, No. 5

THE NATION

A NEW ADMINISTRATION EASING IN

The U.S. is for peace in the world, but that doesn't necessarily tell the Secretary of State what to do when he gets up in the morning.

DANIEL Patrick Moynihan's observation was apt, and its pith was as relevant to his own bailiwick of urban problems as it was to William Rogers' diplomatic domain. As the new Administration gets up—uncommonly early—in the morning, it should have little difficulty in broadly defining its goals. Specific strategies and tactics for achieving them are something else. Washington must decide soon if it is going to enter into serious arms-control talks with the Russians. The new President must make up his mind whether to frame a State of the Union address of his own. He has to decide exactly how, if at all, he should rework the budget inherited from Lyndon Johnson. The continuing Middle East crisis calls for patient, imaginative attention. Not least, in Dr. Moynihan's special preserve, the White House must decide which urban problems it can most effectively attack, and how the assault can best be mounted.

Richard Nixon, who is above all a methodical craftsman, addressed himself to stretching and sizing his canvas before attempting to paint big answers for public view (although he did schedule his first formal press conference for this week). In their early days at least, most administrations are judged more by their style than their programs, which are generally embryonic at this stage. Nixon and his men so far convey an earnest, deliberate, unspectacular approach. The President's inaugural address clearly reflected this attitude: "As we measure what can be done, we shall promise only what we know we can produce." His actions in the following days confirmed that impression. He was engaged in a process of intense preparation to make decisions rather than in a rapid-fire production of proposals.

Challenged Council. On the domestic side, one of Nixon's first important official acts was to sign the executive order creating his Cabinet-level Council for Urban Affairs. He used the ceremonial multipen technique, complaining that his name was too short and his scrawl too undisciplined to allow for a legible signature and a large num-

ber of souvenirs. But the name appeared as clear as his intention to make the council a vital body, the domestic equivalent of the National Security Council.

Richard Nixon

The council will be larger than originally indicated. With Nixon as chairman, it will include Vice President Spiro Agnew and the heads of seven departments: Housing and Urban Develop-

ment, Justice, Health, Education and Welfare, Commerce, Transportation, Labor and Agriculture. Moynihan will serve as a kind of chief of staff.

to draw up proposals for allocating federal funds after Viet Nam. **Mesbing Mandates.** Nixon sprang a surprise with the appointment of Columbia University's Dr. Arthur F. Burns, a distinguished economist, to the newly created post of Counselor to the President. Burns, 64, will have Cabinet status, and therefore becomes the ranking member of the President's in-house staff. A Republican and longtime adviser to Nixon, Burns was a chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers under

WALTER BENNETT



NIXON SIGNING ORDER CREATING URBAN AFFAIRS COUNCIL*
Intense preparations rather than rapid-fire proposals.

ment, Justice, Health, Education and Welfare, Commerce, Transportation, Labor and Agriculture. Moynihan will serve as a kind of chief of staff.

At its first meeting, the council formed ten subgroups, each to deal with specific problem areas such as crime, housing, welfare and mass transit. "The American national Government," said Nixon, "has responded to urban concerns in a haphazard, fragmented and often woefully shortsighted manner." He challenged the council to change all that with firm, coordinated policy recommendations. The President also assigned Budget Director Robert Mayo

Dwight Eisenhower. Now he will be responsible for overseeing the development of domestic programs. How his mandate will mesh with that of Moynihan—who is a liberal Democrat with no personal ties to Nixon—is unclear. A division of labor could be established in

* With Domestic Affairs Specialists George Shultz (Labor), Robert Mayo (Budget), John Mitchell (Justice), John Volpe (Transportation), Robert Finch (HEW), Vice President Agnew, George Romney (HUD), Maurice Stans (Commerce), and Urban Affairs Adviser Pat Moynihan, Counselor to the President Arthur F. Burns is partially hidden behind Volpe.



NIXON GREETING GUESTS AT BALL IN SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION
Six-part exercise by 30,000 revelers dressed to the nines.

which Burns concentrated on broad, long-range policy while Moynihan remained responsible for the day-to-day coordination of programs.

Burns has already been at work on the recommendations being made by advisory groups. He has handed up proposals on 18 domestic situations for Nixon and the Cabinet to consider. These, he indicated, could form the basis of a legislative program, although that will not come for at least a month or two. So far, Nixon's only official request of Congress has been for the confirmation of his appointees. However, the White House has withdrawn the still-unratified nominations of 485 appointees made in the final months of the Johnson Administration, and rescinded Nixon's predecessor's disputatious award of coveted transpacific routes to five airlines (see BUSINESS).

In the fields of security and foreign affairs, Nixon was moving to make good his aim of restoring the National Security Council as the prime policymaking body. His first important post-inauguration meeting was with the N.S.C. and its principal advisers: Presidential Assistant Henry Kissinger, General Earle Wheeler, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and Richard Helms, who is being retained as director of the Central Intelligence Agency.

Kissinger, unlike the heads of most of the departments, had rapidly assembled an expert staff, and was ready with studies on three top-priority subjects: the nation's strategic posture, U.S. options and prospects in Viet Nam, and the ramifications of the nuclear non-proliferation treaty. These and other studies will form the basis of discussions at the N.S.C. twice-weekly meetings; under Lyndon Johnson and John Kennedy, the N.S.C. held formal meetings only occasionally.

No Medicine Balls. Nixon's approach to organization and work habits demands formal, early scheduling. Last week he was acting like a farmer raring to start the spring plowing. The morning after the Inauguration balls, with just four hours' sleep, Nixon was up at 6:45 and in the Oval Office at 7:30, after a fast breakfast of juice, oatmeal and coffee. The suddenly spartan regimen was something of a surprise considering that Nixon has never been noted as liking early appearances. But it did enhance the image of a superindustrious new team. Trouble was, no one had passed the word down. On that first morning after, Nixon found himself pretty much alone in the White House West Wing, except for one personal aide. Henceforth, the crew will be on deck as early as the skipper, although he promised not to require the staff to be on call much after midnight.

The Cabinet was hardly lolling abed either. Nixon scheduled the swearing-in ceremony for eleven of the twelve department heads for 8 a.m. (Interior Secretary Walter Hickel's confirmation was delayed by opposition from some Senate Democrats. He was sworn later in the week.) Perhaps to further his effort to boost the Cabinet's prestige, Nixon suggested that one of its members might run for President some day. After all, he pointed out, eight previous Presidents were Cabinet alumni.* But he warned: "If any of you is going to come through, we must get to work. It is time for the Cabinet meeting, 8:30." The President also recalled Teddy Roosevelt's "tennis Cabinet" and Herbert Hoover's "medicine-ball Cabinet." "We," said Nixon, "will call it the working Cabinet."

* The first was Thomas Jefferson, who had been Secretary of State. The last was Herbert Hoover, previously Secretary of Commerce.

THE INAUGURATION

Never Again?

When the festivities finally ground to their appointed end, there were rumblings that this Inauguration ought to be the last of the old-fashioned three-day wonders. One of its chief planners, Maryland State Senator Louise Gore, hopefully predicted just that. HEW Secretary Robert Finch wondered if there were not a better way. Other Nixon men were vowing "Never again!"—just as Johnson staffers had sworn after the 1965 Inauguration.

Down with Faldrol. Reviewing this year's affair, TIME Washington Correspondent Bonnie Angelo observed: "The passage of time will erase much that happened between the opening reception for 12,000 'distinguished ladies'—who any other day are called precinct workers and politicians' wives—and the finale three days later. Then, foot-weary and eye-bleary, the participants were still recuperating from a tribal ritual called the Inaugural Ball, a six-part exercise in indignity and immobility by 30,000 revelers dressed to the nines.

"They'll all forget the distinguished grumbling by ladies who had lost in the social Russian roulette played at the National Gallery of Art, where the guests were channeled into four lines and waited without a morsel to eat or drink for almost two hours—to find that only one line got to shake Vice President Agnew's hand at his reception at the Smithsonian. But at least guests could munch elephant-shaped cookies and down champagne in plastic glasses stamped with the Vice President's seal and Spiro T. Agnew's signature.

"And they will forget the misery they



PROTESTER WEARING NIXON MASK
Foot-weary and eye-bleary.

endured during that parade, which ran, despite the inevitable claim that this year would be different, an hour late, an entertainment form the Rose Bowl does much better and which television makes bearable with heat and drinks and upholstery. The man who promises to do away with all that might win on such a platform alone."

Still, Inaugural Ball Co-Chairman Mark Evans, a broadcasting executive, defended the marathon as "the only pomp and circumstance we have in the U.S." Besides, it is about the only legitimate way to pay off the party faithful for their labors, with a splash of splendor and a glimpse of greatness.

Remembered Remnants. After the inaugural spectacle passed from U.S. television screens last week, some of its images remained. The Marine band playing *Hail to the Chief* for the last time for Lyndon Johnson. Johnson himself, listening attentively to his successor's words, and kissing Pat Nixon on the cheek with Southern courtliness. Hubert Humphrey in the inaugural stand, jaw grimly set as he watched the man who defeated him so narrowly take the oath of office. His wife Muriel weeping as she left the platform.

Evangelist Billy Graham delivering a stem-winding prayer that practically amounted to an inaugural address of his own. The new President, clutching his wife's hand after the swearing-in.

During the inaugural parade, there was the crowd of 1,000 militant young antiwar demonstrators surging against a solid line of 82nd Airborne Division paratroopers as Nixon's limousine led the parade up Pennsylvania Avenue. It was the first time in memory that anyone had tried to disrupt an inaugural parade. Most moving of all, perhaps, was the sudden cut of the television cameras from the new President watching his parade to Andrews Air Force Base, as the outgoing President flew off to Texas in the same Air Force One jet that had brought him to Washington for the first time as Chief Executive on Nov. 23, 1963.

THE PRESIDENCY

Making the House a Home

Comparing color schemes, peering into closets, peeking at the view from every room, the Richard Nixons looked like any other householders casing the premises. With a difference. The Nixons' dreamhouse really is one. It comprises 132 rooms—"big enough for two emperors, one pope and the grand lama," as Thomas Jefferson observed—offers every convenience from a heated swimming pool to greenhouses and painless gardens, on 18 pristine acres of priceless downtown D.C. real estate. And it evokes some of the richest moments of American history. It may take some getting used to.

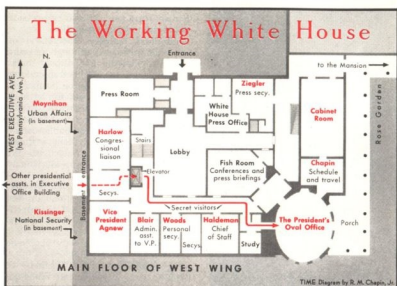
No time was wasted settling in, however, and the transfer of tenancy was even smoother than the transition of power. Within three hours—from the

minute the Johnsons stepped out the door until the Nixons stepped in—almost all traces of the previous occupants had disappeared. The Johnsons' clothes and personal effects were whisked away; walls were cleaned to remove the telltale rectangles that showed where the predecessors' favorite pictures had hung. Fresh flowers were placed in every room, books were placed on bedside tables, and fires were lighted in every fireplace.

The New Order. Acting on orders that had come down from Nixon headquarters in Manhattan days before, workmen removed the gadgetry Johnson loved so much from the Oval Office. The three-screen TV and the two chattering news tickers were the first to go.

Daniel Patrick Moynihan, his urban affairs adviser, and Henry Kissinger, his national security specialist, do their brainwork in basement enclaves. In his most unusual departure from tradition, Nixon has given Spiro Agnew an office in the White House, only 50 paces from his own. President-watchers concluded uncharitably that Nixon is anxious to keep his Vice President on a short leash.

A Touch of Green. Though few of the family's personal possessions had yet been brought down from their Manhattan apartment, Pat Nixon was no less busy than her husband. She talked over the family's food preferences (steak, hamburger and cottage cheese) with Swiss-born Chef Henry Haller, one of



The new President, like Dwight Eisenhower, prefers to learn what the press and the networks are saying from a news summary that his staff will prepare for him every morning. The large red-mahogany desk that Nixon had used as Vice President was trundled over from the Capitol. Ornately carved in front, it had been the White House desk of William McKinley and Woodrow Wilson.

Despite the pleasant outlook and easy commute (a 24-minute walk from the living quarters), Nixon was not altogether satisfied with the Oval Office. Most of his "brainwork," he said, would be done in a new office, yet to be found, in the old Executive Office Building, across from the White House, where many of the President's staff will reside. The Oval Office will be used mostly for formal affairs. When he wants to work in the White House, Nixon will probably use a small private study that adjoins the big office or a small sitting room off the Lincoln Bedroom upstairs.

The rest of the staff occupies more conventional quarters. Special Assistants Bryce Harlow, Stanley Blair, and Dwight Chapin have space in the West Wing near the President's main office.

the holdovers from the old Administration. She selected stationery and cards and consulted frequently with her own staff, which has its offices in the East Wing. Also, she had to give advice to her husband. What could he do to live up to his office? asked the President. He might start, suggested his wife, by replacing the cream colored curtains with something in beige, with green piping. And he should not overcrowd the bookshelves with too many volumes, she said, but instead intersperse the books with mementos.

This week the Nixons will do their first official entertaining, and by all indications, the Republican years will be considerably more formal than the Democratic. A giant U-shaped table will replace the small round tables the Kennedys and Johnsons preferred, and the men will be expected to wear white rather than black tie. Champagne will be served, but there probably will also be mixed drinks—a daring innovation of the Kennedy era. If Richard Nixon was in no undue haste to construct his new Administration, he was clearly eager to make the most of his four-year lease on America's most elegant and adaptable mansion.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Hopeful Words on Arms Control

The task of slowing the nuclear arms race remains the most significant and difficult piece of unfinished business between the two nuclear colossi. Whether a U.S.-Soviet pact toward this end can be achieved will not be known until real bargaining starts, itself a when-and-if proposition.

Last week the Washington-Moscow conversation at least sounded hopeful. In Moscow a ranking government spokesman urged the U.S. to begin promptly a "serious exchange of views" about checking the weapons competition. In Washington the same day, Richard Nixon declared in his inaugural

WALTER DORRITT



SECRETARY OF STATE ROGERS

The next move is with Washington.

address: "With those who are willing to join, let us cooperate to reduce the burden of arms." That intercontinental exchange may yet narrow down to face-to-face talks across a conference table. For the time being, however, the generalities expressed by the new President and the U.S.S.R.'s Kyril Novikov, head of the Foreign Ministry's International Organizations Department, did not bring negotiations any nearer.

Parity Attacked. Last year it seemed that a beginning was imminent. Since 1964, Lyndon Johnson had been pressing the Soviets for talks aimed at limiting both nations' nuclear stockpiles. While bargaining on related subjects, the Russians continued to build both their offensive and defensive missile systems. But after the U.S. Congress voted funds for a "light" anti-ballistic-missile defense system (ABM), the Russians agreed to talk. Their occupation of Czechoslovakia in August froze any hope of negotiations in the immediate future, and the Democrats were lame ducks by the time the chill wore off.

The new Administration's precise po-

sition is unclear. Toward the end of the campaign, Nixon talked of a developing U.S. "security gap" and of his desire to negotiate only from a position of strength. The implication was that the U.S. would have to expand its arsenal before talking about reducing it. Just two weeks ago, Defense Secretary Melvin Laird told the Senate Armed Services Committee that he believes talks should not be held until perhaps next summer, and not until a successful conclusion seems virtually assured. Further, Laird attacked the concept of nuclear parity, which holds that a balance between the U.S. and Russia is acceptable or even desirable to promote stability. Robert McNamara and his successor as Defense Secretary, Clark Clifford, argued that each side already has the power to destroy the other and that any advance by one side would be matched by the other.

Undefined Slogans. Secretary of State William Rogers, although agreeing with Laird that the U.S. should maintain superiority, has declined to endorse the view that talks must be postponed. Nor does Rogers hold out for advance assurance of success. Henry Kissinger, Nixon's Assistant for National Security, has played no part in the public debate since taking office. In recent writings, however, Kissinger has dismissed the terms superiority and parity as virtually meaningless slogans.

In this atmosphere of uncertainty, the Russians chose Nixon's inauguration day to prod the U.S.—and to emphasize to the world that the next move is up to Washington. They also implied that they would not quietly acquiesce to a further U.S. arms buildup.

The definition of "position of strength" is a key element. Although the Russians have been drawing abreast of the Americans in terms of the number of land-based offensive missiles, the U.S. remains far ahead in the quality of these weapons, in both the quantity and capability of submarine-borne missiles, as well as in strategic bombers.

Thus the Nixon Administration could decide that no security gap exists, that the U.S. has superiority and therefore can negotiate now. Some diplomats and disarmament experts in Washington believe that Nixon and Rogers have already concluded that talks should be held—and that a conference may actually begin in two to four months.

Nixon will have certain advantages if he presses for what the bureaucrats have labeled SALT (for Strategic Arms Limitation Talks). No one has ever accused the new President of underestimating the Communists; he would take a tough, skeptical line in any domestic debate about the proceedings. And for the first time in many years, both the U.S. and Russia seem to be in phase regarding their staggeringly costly strategic commitments and conflicting domestic aspirations. This, far more than rhetorical gamesmanship by either side, could be the compelling factor leading to realistic bargaining.

THE PUEBLO:

PALE and emaciated, the witness clenched his fists, blinked his hooded eyes and stumbled over his words as he relived the interminable nightmare. In 44 days of torturous testimony before a Navy Court of Inquiry last week, Commander Lloyd M. Bucher recounted the details of the capture of his ship U.S.S. *Pueblo* and the eleven-month ordeal that he and his crew endured while they were prisoners of the North Koreans. The tale he told was one of almost unbelievable hardship and endurance, and it left unanswered many troubling questions about higher-echelon complacency and shortsightedness in the U.S. Navy.

Bucher rehearsed *Pueblo's* tragic odyssey before a panel of five admirals in the stark auditorium of the Naval Amphibious Base at Coronado, Calif. His wife Rose sat in the front row, and he appeared at times to enjoy the opportunity to tell his story. The Navy made it clear that this was an inquiry, not a trial. However, depending on the testimony, the panel will have to decide whether there is cause to recommend bringing charges against the commander or his crew. And midway through his account last week, Bucher was informed that his testimony rendered him suspect of violating U.S. Navy Regulation 0730 on the grounds that he had allowed foreign representatives to search and seize his ship while still having the means to resist. He had the right to remain silent thereafter, but the skipper decided to complete his story.

Frustrating Task. More so than ship, the 24-year-old *Pueblo* seemed singularly unsuited for her mission. Her wheezing boilers could deliver a maximum speed of only 13.1 knots. The ship's steering mechanism was worn out. Bucher's initial duty was to supervise the refitting of *Pueblo* from an Army freighter into a first-class, electronic spy ship. It was a frustrating task.

The most serious deficiency he discovered was the lack of equipment to destroy classified documents and secret electronic gear. Bucher tried repeatedly to obtain a destruct system for the electronics snooping devices, but his requests were turned down by the Navy. Instead, *Pueblo* was issued fire axes and sledgehammers to do the job.

To destroy secret documents, Bucher installed an electric paper shredder and a small incinerator. The burner was totally inadequate for the amount of classified material *Pueblo* would carry. But Bucher could not know that because he was not even cleared for access to the ship's supersecret "research" compartment. His request for either a twin-mount 20-mm. or single-mount 40-mm. cannons to defend his vessel went unheeded by Navy brass. Instead, he was issued two .50-cal. machine guns that would be useless against another ship. The basic problem, said Bucher, was money. The original \$5,500,000 allo-

AN ODYSSEY OF ANGUISH REPLAYED

cation for refitting his ship had been slashed by \$1,000,000.

Clogged Channels. Bucher's orders were to eavesdrop on all electronic transmissions coming from the North Korean shore, to chart shoreside radar sites, and to observe and report shipping in the area, particularly the movements of Soviet submarines. On Jan. 16, *Pueblo* took up a station off Chongjin and slowly began working her way south. On Jan. 21, a Soviet-built subchaser passed about 1,000 feet away from *Pueblo* while steaming toward Wonsan harbor. The next afternoon, two small, grey boats, apparently government fishing craft, circled *Pueblo*. Bucher immediately tried to alert his headquarters in Japan. However, it took between twelve to 14 hours for his message to get through because of difficulties in obtaining a clear frequency in radio channels clogged with air-to-ground traffic.

At 11:55 a.m. the next day, a North Korean subchaser steamed into view and quickly circled *Pueblo* twice at 500 yards. The Koreans were suspicious. They demanded by signal flag, "What nationality?" Bucher ran up the U.S. ensign, identifying *Pueblo* as an American naval vessel.

The Capture. Soon the subchaser was joined by three 50-knot torpedo boats and another subchaser. One subchaser hoisted a signal: "Heave to or I will fire." Bucher personally checked his distance from shore by radar and was satisfied that he was 16 miles from the nearest land, four miles beyond the limit claimed by North Korea. The captain then fired off a situation report with CRITIC (critical) priority, which meant that it would go to the White House. Moments later, one of the torpedo boats tried to land a boarding party.

Bucher dismissed the possibility of scuttling *Pueblo*. The vessel was only

in 180 feet of water, a depth from which North Korean divers could easily have recovered the classified material. And it would have taken 24 hours to sink the ship.

The three torpedo boats took up positions on both quarters of *Pueblo*. Bucher's .50-cal. machine guns were useless, cloaked by frozen tarpaulins that would take an hour to remove. "I did not," he said, "think there was any point of going to war—I was completely outgunned." The subchaser again hoisted a signal flag ordering "Heave to, or I'll fire." Bucher ignored it. The subchaser opened up with 57-mm. cannons. *Pueblo's* bridge was sprayed with shrapnel, wounding two enlisted men. The skipper suffered seven wounds in his right ankle and leg. Another metal shard ripped into his rectum. At this point, two MIGs screamed overhead. One fired a salvo of rockets that harmlessly hit ten miles ahead of *Pueblo*.

Fireman Duane Hodges was hit by a shell that penetrated his right leg and exploded. He died shortly thereafter, the only man mortally wounded in the attack. Frantically, the crew responded to Bucher's order to destroy the secret material and electronic gear on board. This task would have taken several hours, and it was far from complete when the ship was boarded at 5:30 p.m. Bucher thus became the first skipper to surrender a U.S. Navy ship without a fight in peacetime.

From the moment that *Pueblo* tied up at the dock in Wonsan, Bucher and his men entered into an atmosphere of Orwellian terror. North Korean officers came aboard to interrogate Bucher. Over and over, they charged that "the Americans are trying to start another war with North Korea." During the interrogation, Bucher was pistol-whipped around the head, neck and jaw.

Later, Bucher was blindfolded and



BUCHER ARRIVING AT HEARING
Atmosphere of Orwellian terror.

led off the ship through a mob of spitting, howling spectators. The prisoners were put on a train for an all-night ride to a jail in Pyongyang, the capital.

Super-C. When *Pueblo's* crew arrived at the prison, the skipper was led to his quarters, an unheated cubicle with a small table, straight-backed chair and a bed. Because of his wounds, he could not lie down. It was zero outside and below freezing inside the hovel. The chief interrogator was an army officer whom the men came to call "Super-C" for super colonel. Large (about 5 ft. 10 in.) for a Korean, Super-C wore a grey, Soviet-style topcoat with red lapels and huge shoulderboards. Bucher thought he looked funny, but he soon discovered that Super-C was intelligent and cruel. The colonel alluded to Shakespeare and classical mythology, but he did not speak English. His interpreter was a man Bucher nicknamed "Wheezy," because he had a habit of coughing between practically every word to disguise his inability to translate rapidly. To Bucher's dismay, his interrogators produced bundles of secret documents that they had found on *Pueblo* but appeared not to understand. It was evident to *Pueblo* officers that Super-C—who was later promoted to general—did not want to diminish his glory by consulting North Korean naval or intelligence officers who might have helped decipher the secret documents.

At first the North Koreans demanded confessions that the men were spying for the CIA. Later the captors changed their tactics. In an effort to offset adverse world opinion and justify their piracy, they tried to force Bucher and the other crew members into confessing that *Pueblo* had not only been spying but was also violating North Korean territorial waters when she was seized.

Almost incessantly, during the first days of his captivity, Bucher was sav-



ADMIRALS ON *PUEBLO* COURT OF INQUIRY

Troubling questions about higher-echelon complacency and shortsightedness.

NEW COMPASSION FOR THE PRISONER OF WAR

THE choice that faced Commander Lloyd Bucher was between seeing his men shot one by one before his eyes or signing a false confession. He signed—and in that act illuminated the whole agonizing dilemma of weighing military duty against elementary humanity—and often against self-preservation.

The U.S. defense establishment is thoroughly divided on the issue. The Army still insists that P.O.W.s reveal nothing more than name, rank and service number, as prescribed by the Code of Conduct. "It is a simple, single, clear standard to all services," says former Army Chief of Staff General Harold Johnson. "If you have mushy instructions, you have mushy performance." The Air Force, on the other hand, draws an informal distinction between disclosing military intelligence and signing propaganda statements. It values its flyers too much to sacrifice them just to avoid some national embarrassment. Hence, they are tacitly permitted, if shot down, to cooperate with the enemy to preserve their lives and well-being.

The U.S. Navy is obviously groping for a standard. The Judge Advocate General ruled that the *Pueblo* crewmen were not prisoners of war since the U.S. is not at war with North Korea; instead, they are "illegal detainees." Paul Warnke, Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Affairs, finds it "unthinkable that these men will be court-martialed for signing a false statement. All the confession shows is the bestiality of the treatment they received. The harm done to the national interest is next to nil."

Focus on Confession

Modern times have placed new emphasis on the P.O.W. In wars gone by, a man taken prisoner was considered to be out of the war. Often enough, he was killed on the spot; if he lived, he was often mistreated. As far as his superiors were concerned, he had proved himself on the field; they were happy if he did not defect to the enemy. But in this century of total war, the prison camp has become an extension of the battlefield. Totalitarian nations are not content merely to extract information from a P.O.W. They often hound and harass a man for months and even years in order to win his mind and soul, to reduce him to an instrument of propaganda. It is, of course, a tactic that the Soviet Union devised for use against its own political prisoners, as dramatized with terrifying realism in Arthur Koestler's *Darkness at Noon* and

agely beaten. Most brutal of all were the Korean enlisted men, who came regularly to beat the crew. A guard, said Bucher, would come into the enlisted men's quarters with a note in his hand, which told him "whom to beat up, how hard, how long, and how the man should look afterward." Routinely, the men were beaten about the face with straps, shoes or wooden slats. A bizarre note, according to Bucher, was that he could often hear the Korean officers "beating their own men for overstepping their bounds in beating our men."

Vile Stench. At times, Bucher was so badly beaten that he urinated blood. He did not tell his captors about his wounds for fear that he would be hospitalized and thus separated from his men. During the first few days of captivity, his three wounded men were confined in a room where the stench was so vile that a visitor could not help vomiting. Radioman Charles H. Crandall had 50 pieces of shrapnel in one leg; Marine Sergeant Robert J. Chicca had a bullet wound that penetrated his neck.

For Bucher, the grillings never let up. Brought before Super-C on his first day of captivity, he was told that he had two minutes to sign a confession or he would be shot. An officer held an automatic pistol to the back of his head. On the verge of total collapse, Bucher would only moan, "I love you, Rose, I love you, Rose." After the two minutes, and two clicks of the pistol, Bucher realized that his inquisitors were bluffing. As part of the softening-up process, he was then driven to a nearby prison to inspect a captured South Korean who had been gruesomely tortured. Bucher fainted at the sight of the mutilated prisoner. But he still refused to sign the false confession.

Ultimate Threat. Finally, in desperation, the Communists used the ultimate threat. Unless he signed their text, they insisted, they would shoot all of Bucher's crew members one by one before his eyes, starting with the youngest. "I was convinced they would do it," Bucher testified. "I was convinced they were animals. I told them I would sign the confession. And I did sign it." Even as he did so, he carefully added false information, such as an incorrect serial number, in a last-gasp effort to show that the document was a lie. After he had signed it, the Koreans rewarded Bucher with a huge plate of eggs. He could not eat them. Crushed, Bucher tried to drown himself in a bucket of water in his room.

When they were not being quizzed or beaten, *Pueblo's* men were continually subjected to Communist propaganda. They were told early in June, for example, that Robert Kennedy had been killed—by President Johnson. In time, the crew was afforded slightly better treatment. They were occasionally allowed to exercise together, most often by trimming the grass around their prison building with pocket knives. But the beatings and terror never ended until

Dec. 23, when they were finally released.

While last week's court of inquiry focused on Bucher, his testimony cast a dim light on the entire U.S. military chain of command. Even the White House was fully informed in advance about *Pueblo* and her mission, and must have been cognizant of the serious risk of provoking retaliation from the belligerent North Koreans. Yet the ship's dangerous, unprecedented mission was approached with extraordinary nonchalance.

Why, for example, was Bucher given as his first command so highly sensitive an assignment? And why, once he had been given command, was he not allowed access to the classified material for which he might ultimately be responsible? Why was an ancient rust bucket like *Pueblo* chosen for conversion into a spy ship? Why were Bucher's requests for essential gear and weaponry repeatedly turned down? Why, if the Navy lacked the money to equip the ship properly, was *Pueblo* stationed off North Korea in the first place? Why no air cover? And why did the Navy steadfastly assume that North Korea, which is not a naval power and has no strategic reason for respecting the freedom of the seas, would never attempt to pirate a U.S. spy ship in international waters?

False Security. Even at a lower level of command, where operational difficulties are more apparent, Bucher received little help or guidance. Rear Admiral Frank L. Johnson, commander of U.S. Naval Forces, Japan, was made fully aware of *Pueblo's* limitations by Bucher. Yet he did nothing to upgrade the ship. Indeed, Bucher testified that Johnson had assured him that his guns would never be needed, and in fact advised the skipper not to show "any aggressive intent" if harassed by North Korean or Soviet vessels. This attitude seemed to lull Bucher into a false sense of security, which may explain his rather slow realization that the North Koreans meant business. But, as a result, he was plainly in no position to resist capture.

Finally, the inquiry also raises questions as to the validity of the Military Code of Conduct (see ESSAY), which requires brave men of conscience like Bucher to endure vicious treatment rather than sign false confessions that are of dubious value anyway. Fiercely loyal to his crew, orphanage-raised Bucher could only be made to sign such a document when he believed his men—his military family—would be shot one by one. Whatever the court of inquiry decides, it is clear that the Navy's investigation will not satisfy Congress. Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield predicted that both the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and the Senate Armed Services Committee will want to know a great deal more about the whys, whats and hows of a case in which the Navy may be, for good reason, less than eager to settle for a definitive investigation.

George Orwell's 1984. In this sense the prisoner of war has become a symbolic stand-in for all men in this century who are subjected to the relentless pressures designed to capture and transform their minds.

That is one reason why brainwashing became a subject of morbid fascination in the 1950s, popularly expressed in the movie *The Manchurian Candidate*. The Communists seemed to have the capacity to break anyone—Cardinal Mindszenty, for instance, or the U.S. journalist William Oatis, who in 1951 confessed to a charge of espionage in Czechoslovakia and spent more than two years in jail. The Korean War confirmed the worst U.S. expectations. The Chinese not only broke down many P.O.W.s, causing them to collaborate; they also persuaded 21 P.O.W.s to settle in China.

The U.S. public turned fiercely on any manifestation of weakness. P.O.W.s who collaborated were condemned as a disgrace to the U.S. military tradition. Marine Colonel Frank Schwable, who confessed under sustained torture to the U.S. use of germ warfare, was cleared by a court of inquiry, but his career was ruined. The hysteria was climaxed by a rigid superstoical Code of Conduct promulgated by President Eisenhower in 1955. Still in force technically, it requires every P.O.W. to resist his captors, to try to escape and help others escape, to reveal nothing beyond name, rank, number and date of birth—all "to the utmost of my ability."

Wouldn't Everyone Talk?

Defenders of the code insisted it was necessary to discipline P.O.W.s, whose stamina had supposedly declined so sadly since World War II. But as Defense Department researchers continued to look into the matter, the truth turned out to be otherwise. Prisoners in Korea held up no better and no worse than P.O.W.s in other wars. In World War II, so many U.S. prisoners in German and Japanese camps talked so freely that a Defense Department report concluded: "It is virtually impossible for anyone to resist a determined interrogator." In addition to revealing military facts, U.S. prisoners in World War II signed occasional false confessions; yet nothing much was made of it in the U.S. The onus was all on the enemy. Nor did enemy soldiers demonstrate any greater staying power in World War II. From Germans captured at Stalingrad, the Russians learned all of Hitler's plans for their conquest.

The techniques used on prisoners by the Communists today have become painfully familiar, even though the beatings, threats and psychological pressures given Bucher and his crew were so horrifying as to stun the world anew last week. To some extent, the techniques consist of old-fashioned torture protracted and refined, in a mixture of mental and physical ordeals. The P.O.W. may

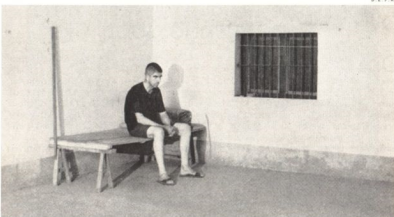
be kept in utter isolation or thrust into a cell group without a shred of privacy. He may be forced to sit or stand in the same position for hours on end until his bodily functions go awry. His interrogators may keep him constantly unnerved, preventing him from sleeping, exploiting his normal feelings of guilt by focusing on painful events in his life. The interrogator may alternate kindness with brutality; a strange bond, which does not exclude a measure of affection, develops between captor and captive. Write Psychiatrists Lawrence E. Hinkle Jr. and Harold Wolff: "The interrogator is dealing with a man who might be looked upon as an intentionally created patient; the interrogator has all of the advantages and opportunities which accrue to a therapist dealing with a patient in desperate need of help."

Now that they have a broader un-

ical serviceman's lack of ideology may be his strongest defense. The P.O.W. who "plays it cool," who makes superficial compromises without giving too much away, is sometimes the toughest to crack. Often those who resist most strenuously ultimately break down most completely.

In cases where prisoners finally do break down and sign incriminating confessions, the rest of the military should perhaps follow the lead of the Air Force and discount the propaganda loss. Anyone, friend or enemy, who is persuaded by a forced confession doubtless had his mind already made up. Moreover, propaganda can backfire. The fact that it has been gained through the abuse of prisoners repels people. When the North Vietnamese put captured U.S. flyers on exhibit in Hanoi, foreign reaction was so adverse that the Viet-

D.E.F.A.



LIEUT. COMMANDER RICHARD A. STRATTON IN P.O.W. CAMP NEAR HANOI IN 1967

understanding of the plight of the P.O.W., some factions within the State and Defense departments want to liberalize the Code of Conduct. They include Averell Harriman, who was put in charge of P.O.W. affairs at State almost three years ago. Flyers imprisoned in Viet Nam have signed many confessions—a situation that Harriman's aide, Frank Sieverts, finds predictable enough. "The code says a prisoner can't sign anything, but those who have given it any thought know the only practical answer is 'yes, he can sign,'" says Sieverts. Neither the U.S. military nor the public seems as angered by the confessions as they were in the Korean War—although leniency still does not extend to P.O.W.s who have harmed fellow prisoners by cooperating with the enemy. Says Paul Warnke: "You're allowed to sign a propaganda statement to save your own skin but not to save your skin at the expense of another's."

While the U.S. military has traditionally stressed stoical resistance and ideological conviction as the best defense against Communist brainwashing, others have begun to take a different approach. Social Scientist Albert Biderman, for example, thinks that the typ-

name never restaged the spectacle.

Some people in the Defense Department have proposed that the U.S. ignore confessions altogether. They argue that P.O.W.s should sign anything, as long as they do not divulge classified military information or imperil other prisoners. A well-publicized official policy to this effect would drain confessions of any real significance, in the manner of the disclaimer that preceded the Government's own "confession" last month that the *Pueblo* was inside North Korean waters.

This is not to deny that the men who resist the will of their captors often perform feats of heroism and that some would hold themselves in contempt if they failed to try. The struggle against the captor can become an obsessive way to assert one's defiance of a hostile universe. But the majority of men are not assailed by such temptations of existential heroism. For the most part, the U.S. serviceman fights hard, risks his life and sometimes gives it in the service of his country. It seems unreasonable to ask him to continue risking his life in prison merely to avoid signing a scrap of paper that nobody takes very seriously anyway.



THE JOHNSON LIBRARY IN AUSTIN



JOHNSON AT THE RANCH

L.B.J.: HURTING GOOD

ON the surface, nothing had changed. The big microwave antenna still towered above the banks of the Pedernales. The house trailers still stood ready for the aides and auxiliaries who attend the Commander in Chief. Secret Service agents were as protective as ever of the man they were assigned to guard. Yet everything, of course, had changed, and the L.B.J. ranch—the seat of power for perhaps a fifth of Lyndon Johnson's 1,887 days as President—was the home of a private citizen.

If the transformation bothered Johnson, he concealed it gracefully. "I'm sure that anyone who's been as active in public affairs as I have will notice it when they call the roll," the former President admitted to newsmen. "But I want to miss it. It hurts good."

One of the good hurts was the absence of the President's awesome responsibilities, particularly the responsibility for war or peace. "It feels good," said Johnson, "not to have that sergeant with the little black bag a few feet behind me." The sergeant with the black bag is, of course, the man who is never far from the President of the U.S.—carrying the codes that can unleash the nation's nuclear striking force.

Unwinding. Still, it was not an easy thing being an ex-President—at least for the first week—and it was clear that Johnson was having some difficulty unwinding. "He's not basically constituted to assume this new posture," observed Jake Jacobsen, a former aide. In a two-hour press conference at the ranch, Johnson was by turns shy and brave, moody and fitful, wistful and uncertain. He said he was convinced that he had done the right thing in renouncing reelection last March. Only Lady Bird seemed altogether certain that he would rather be in Blanco County, Texas, than Washington. Her main problem was that all the closets seemed to have shrunk.

"I thought they were big when I built them," she fretted.

Actually, Johnson's farewell to power has been better cushioned than that of any President preceding him. A small Huey turbo helicopter and an Air Force crew are at his disposal. His teak-paneled office in Austin is the same one he used as President, with phones wherever convenient and a button marked "Galley" to summon a Fresca or a milk shake. A special allowance of \$375,000 will cover the cost of transition, including the hiring of clerks to answer the hundreds of letters that continue to pour in. As a former President, Johnson has a pension of \$25,000 a year, an \$80,000 office allowance, free medical care, free postage, plus lifetime protection by the Secret Service. Agents will be on duty as long as he wants or needs them. No one was much surprised to see at the ranch the two Air Force sergeants who had served as Johnson's valets; no one knows how long they will remain.

The Lyndon Johnson Library at the University of Texas in Austin is already under construction, and when it is completed in early 1970, the former President will have yet another office, with a helipad on the roof. The library office is designed to look as much as possible like the Oval Office in the White House. When the library is finished, about 31 million pages of manuscripts, the most any President has accumulated, will be transferred from storage for cataloging. Johnson plans to lecture at the university and visit other schools as well, but he will not have a regular course schedule. He confessed: "I didn't want to make any 8 o'clock classes."

Open Options. With his memoirs, lectures and public appearances, Johnson should be busy enough. But few think that he will be satisfied with the role of elder statesman. At 60, he is more than two years younger than Dwight Eisenhower was when he took the oath of office for the first time. Business is a possibility, though the role of hard-driving entrepreneur, according to friends, does not fit in with Johnson's image of an ex-President. L.B.J. has already turned down several offers to join the boards of corporations or foundations. In any case, he has a personal fortune estimated at \$20 million, his landholdings total 15,000 acres (including six ranch houses and some Austin real estate), and TV station K1BC, a CBS affiliate which he owns a major share of, nets a profit of \$100,000 to \$200,000 a year. His other investments, notably in Texas banks, are secret, but probably equally impressive.

Politics will undoubtedly continue to dominate his life, even if he contents himself with the role of a behind-the-scenes power. Will Johnson try for elective office again? John Quincy Adams left the White House and became a Congressman, after all, and Andrew Johnson was elected Senator. No one can be certain, but as Johnson himself said just before leaving Washington: "I don't want to withdraw any of my options. I try always to keep them open." Some things, at least, had changed not at all.

The Fifth of March

CHATTING with Lyndon Johnson at the Texas ranch last week, TIME Correspondent Richard Saltonstall asked if, on reflection, there was anything he would have done differently as President. Johnson pondered for a second and then, in a voice so low that he could hardly be heard, said that he could not answer until he sat down with his diary and looked at the events and decisions of each day. When he got out the record for March 5, 1965, for example, and examined the specifics, he said, he might . . . At that point his voice became inaudible even to the reporter a few inches away.

To most Americans, March 5, 1965 is one of the less memorable dates in their history. It was, however, the last day Johnson could have revoked the decision to put a contingent of Marines ashore in Viet Nam. On March 5, 3,500 men landed five miles west of Danang in what was officially titled a "limited mission." It was, in fact, the beginning of the direct military involvement that was to place 535,000 U.S. troops in South Viet Nam and lead eventually—among a host of other things—to the retirement of Lyndon Johnson from the White House. To the former President, it was obviously a date to remember.

WHAT CAN BE DONE ABOUT SKYJACKING?

José Martí International, this is Eastern flight number 9, requesting permission for an emergency landing. We have a passenger aboard who wants to go to Cuba.

CAPTAIN R. D. Smith last week calmly radioed what has become a routine message. Over northern Florida, a young man brandishing a Dominican Republic passport and a hand grenade had burst into the cockpit of the Miami-bound DC-8, shouting "Cuba! Cuba!" The jet held 171 passengers, the largest number skyjacked to date. The same day, four men armed with guns and dynamite took over an Ecuadorian airliner en route from Quito to Miami with 81 passengers and forced it to land in Havana. Both aircraft, with crews and passengers, were held briefly by Cuban authorities and released. Later in the week a National Airlines Key West-New York Boeing 727 with 47 aboard was diverted to Cuba by a young U.S. Navy deserter who said he preferred Cuban exile to duty in Viet Nam.

Last week's three incidents brought the number of planes skyjacked in the first three weeks of 1969 to eight. At that rate, this year should easily break the alarming 1968 record of 28. There have been 46 skyjackings to Cuba since the first U.S. airliner was forced to land there in May 1961, and despite the enormous risks of midair piracy, the skyjackings have miraculously caused no fatalities or even a single injury. The routine—including the standard radio message—has become well-established.

For more than a year, pilots of commercial flights serving the southeastern U.S. have carried in their chart bags an approach map for Havana's José Martí International Airport, showing electronic navigation aids and the course for an instrument landing approach. The Federal Aviation Agency's Miami Traffic Control Center notifies Havana of the skyjacking. An official of the Swiss embassy in Washington—which handles U.S. diplomatic contacts with Fidel Castro's Cuba—fills in the blanks on a prepared form asking the Cubans for prompt release of the aircraft and its passengers. U.S. air carriers in Miami have even issued bilingual cards to enable pilots to communicate with non-English-speaking skyjackers (*Nos iremos a Cuba como usted indica*—"Proceeding to Cuba as directed").

Assassin Types. Who are the skyjackers? Most are either criminals on the lam or men who are emotionally disturbed in one way or another. Dr. Peter Siegel, the FAA's air surgeon, has made a study of the scant available data and formulated what he calls the "skyjackers' syndrome": the skyjacker believes that he can prove himself a decisive, effective human being by taking control of a plane, its crew and passengers, and commanding it to go to Cuba.

There, in his fantasy, Castro will welcome him as a hero. But skyjacking is self-defeating, an example of what psychiatrists call "the Indian coup phenomenon." Explains Dr. Siegel: "You scalp yourself. After that, what have you got?"

Few psychiatrists or psychologists have ever examined one, but they theorize that the skyjacker is making a grand attention-getting gesture that he thinks will forever remove him from anonymity and impotence among the faceless millions of a mass society. "Behind it is the omnipotent fantasy," reasons Dr. Frederick Hacker, a professor of psychiatry at the University of Southern California. "To steal an airplane has a lot to do with feelings of masculinity

do so without great difficulty on one of the six airlines that fly there regularly: Mexicana, Iberia, Air Canada, Soviet Russia's Aeroflot, Czechoslovak Airlines, and Cubana.

Neither psychiatry nor technology has yet come up with a way to stop the growing wave of skyjacking. Because of the obvious danger an armed skyjacker poses to airplane and passengers, pilots simply go along with his wishes. An unhinged desperado could easily cause a crash or midair explosion that would kill all aboard. Only six attempts have failed, all on flukes. Sheriff's deputies shot out the tires of a skyjacked Continental Boeing 707 trying to take off from El Paso. Daniel Richards, 33, an Ohio mental patient who tried to commandeer a Delta flight suddenly dropped his gun, curled up in his seat and began weeping. He said he was "dying of



WOULD-BE SKYJACKER RICHARDS BEING LED AWAY BY AUTHORITIES IN MIAMI
The grand gesture and the omnipotent fantasy.

that need strengthening." Says Dr. Leonard Olinger, who teaches abnormal psychology at U.S.C.: "He's in the same class as the assassin, the same sort of acting-out character. You'd have to say there is a marked degree of emotional disturbance."

Failed on Flukes. Dr. Olinger discounts political motives in skyjacking. "The skyjacker is making a symbolic gesture of protest, and this makes it unlikely that his political reasons count for much," he argues. Beverly Hills Psychiatrist Ralph Greenston agrees. "Skyjacking is a typical mechanism of people who resort to irrational violence," he says. "With the temporarily omnipotent feelings the skyjacker gets, he actually is in control of his own destiny and the destinies of others. He's next to God, literally, flying to Cuba. With this one grand gesture of power, the skyjacker shows his contempt for the establishment." Any rational political refugee who wanted to get to Cuba could

cancer" and did not care what happened. Two weeks ago aboard another Delta flight, a pilot refused to obey the orders of a skyjacker who tried to take over the jet on its final landing approach to Miami International. No one has attempted to disarm a skyjacker. A single bullet fired through the fuselage of a pressurized airliner will not necessarily result in explosive decompression, but one shot in the instrument-packed cockpit could bring disaster even if none of the crew were hit.

An Overnight Delay. A host of remedies, some of them far out, have been proposed. None of them are foolproof. Locking the cockpit door is a usual precaution, but a gunman can still force a stewardess to relay orders to the pilot by intercom. The International Federation of Air Line Pilots Associations plans a resolution boycotting flights to any country that fails to release a skyjacked plane within 48 hours, but of the airlines flying to Cuba, only Mex-

icana, Iberia and Air Canada have I.F.A.L.P.A. pilots. In any case, the Cubans have so far been careful to free skyjacked planes and passengers after no more than an overnight delay. The airlines and electronics firms are working on weapons-detection systems to spot armed passengers during boarding. One company has developed a device that it claims can distinguish a gun or knife from other metal objects, at a cost of under \$1,000 per installation. While each skyjacking costs an airline around \$8,500, the carriers are reluctant to spend the amount necessary to search each passenger on every plane that might conceivably be skyjacked.

In 1961 the U.S. passed a law imposing penalties ranging from 20 years in jail to death for skyjacking, but few are caught—and none has been returned by Castro. A U.S. proposal to Cuba for a regular Miami-Havana charter flight for all would-be defectors has met no response as yet. In any case, it would not satisfy the pathological urges that apparently impel most skyjackers. Last week aviation rumor had it that Castro sentences skyjackers to five years' hard labor, but that is simply not the case. A few have been detained for extended questioning, and two are in psychiatric hospitals, but the rest have gone free.

Inadvertent Visitors. The FAA sends plainclothes "sky marshals" along on Miami-bound flights selected at random, and no flight with an FAA man aboard has yet been skyjacked—but there is little that a lawman could do to prevent plane piracy without increasing the already considerable danger to all on board. In any case, putting marshals aboard the hundreds of flights daily that might be skyjacked would be prohibitively costly. The wildest potential remedies include a trap door that would drop the skyjacker into the blue yonder at the push of a button, or hidden circuits that would stun him with an electric shock. But a passenger or stewardess could be inadvertently zapped as readily as the culprit.

Nonetheless, pilots and psychiatrists concur in an important conclusion: if Castro were to return a single skyjacker to face U.S. justice, the airborne stampede to Havana would soon stop. He is not likely to do that, for the skyjacking epidemic has become an increasingly perplexing embarrassment to the U.S. Cuba has already earned about \$100,000 in landing fees and other charges imposed on the hapless U.S. airlines. Ironically, 2,500 Americans have visited Cuba unintentionally since the end of 1967—nearly four times the number officially permitted to go there since Castro overthrew Batista in 1959. Knut Hammarskjöld, director-general of the International Air Transport Association and a nephew of the late U.N. Secretary-General, visited Havana last week but kept mum about what progress he had made, if any.

Despite the growing risk that an innocent jaunt to Miami will turn out to in-

clude a side trip to Havana, the airlines so far have detected no falloff in Florida-bound traffic. That situation may not last. Miami's WLDB-TV asked its audience last week: "In view of the skyjacking situation, are you afraid to travel by air?" Of those who called in to answer, 73% said yes. U.S. Government officials, at least, are deserting commercial flights to Florida in increasing numbers. With the winter White House now in Key Biscayne, Nixon staffers and high-ranking visitors can use Air Force Lockheed JetStars that have been placed on 24-hour White House call. When CIA men head for Florida on business these days, they take the train.



YOUTH WORKER WARREN
Antithesis of the stereotype.

YOUTH

Can LUV Conquer All?

American youth stormed on the national political scene in 1968 with galvanic gusto. Yet for all their efforts, both creative and disruptive, the young dissidents remained on the outside looking in on the American political process. For the most part, they were not old enough to back up their beliefs with ballots. Now, displaying the same kinetic enthusiasm that the kids did during the campaign, a youthful movement called LUV ("Let Us Vote") is spearheading a drive to amend the Constitution to enfranchise 18-year-olds.

A National Coalition. Next week, forming a coalition aimed at attaining those goals, LUV plans to join with the National Education Association, the A.F.L.-C.I.O., the National Student Association, the national Young Republican and Young Democratic clubs, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and the U.S. Youth Council. Though other groups

have tried in the past to lower the voting age in individual states, the coalition will mark the first time that students will have merged with other interest groups to achieve the goal on a national basis.

LUV's founder and moving spirit is Dennis Warren, 21, a prelaw student at the University of the Pacific in Stockton, Calif. The very antithesis of the stereotype student radical, Warren wears his hair closely cropped, dresses in conservative pinstripe suits and black shoes. As a sophomore, he won two gold medals at the Pi Kappa Delta national debating tournament.

Warren uses all of his forensic skills as he goes about advocating the lowered voting age. Only four states now allow voting before age 21: Georgia and Kentucky at 18, Alaska at 19 and Hawaii at 20. Yet, contends Warren, "the average age of those who fight and die in war is under 21. These men and women rightfully deserve a voice in selecting the government that determines whether there should be a war."

In the six weeks since he organized LUV, Warren has seen it expand from a campus-wide drive at his own college into a nationwide movement that now has 327 college chapters and 3,000 high school divisions. More than 20,000 letters inquiring about LUV have flooded into Warren's busy headquarters on the Stockton campus. Only three of these have been critical—and only one contained a contribution, for \$1.23.

Reforms Proposed. LUV's labors are coming at a time when support is gathering for broad-based reform of the nation's electoral process, including lowering the voting age and abolishing the Electoral College. Richard Nixon repeatedly advocated lowering the voting-age requirement during the campaign, and both Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield and Senate Minority Leader Everett McKinley Dirksen are on record as supporting the move. Recently, Mansfield and Vermont's Senator George D. Aiken co-sponsored a resolution to lower the voting age to 18 and introduce a system of direct election that would put the President in office for a six-year term. Last week the Senate Judiciary Subcommittee on Constitutional Amendments began to review proposed alternatives to the Electoral College formula.

Nonetheless, the advocates of reform still must overcome Capitol Hill's longstanding reluctance to change the electoral process. A total of 153 congressional resolutions (including the Mansfield-Aiken proposal) to amend the Constitution to allow 18-year-olds to vote has been introduced in Congress since 1943. All have failed. Today, moreover, many middle-class voters are disillusioned with the militant youths who fought the police in Chicago during the Democratic Convention and have turned college campuses into battlegrounds. LUV Leader Warren is not concerned, however. He is confident that LUV will conquer all.

THE WORLD

THE HOPE OF CONQUERING HUNGER

UNDER the shadow of great wealth," the Indian poet Rabindranath Tagore lamented, "starvation moves across the land." So it always has in India. Ten million died in the Bengali famine of 1770, four million in 1877. Shrunken bodies littered the streets of Calcutta in 1943. As recently as 1965 and 1966, when the monsoon rains failed, thousands would have died but for the emergency shipment of 10.5 million tons of U.S. wheat, one-fifth of the American crop. India has always seemed to be dismaying proof of the Malthusian thesis that the world's population must inevitably increase at a faster rate than its ability to sustain itself. As recently as two months ago, that specter was evoked by British Novelist C. P. Snow: "We may be moving—perhaps in ten years—into large-scale famine. Many millions of people in the poor countries are going to starve to death before our eyes. We shall see them doing so upon our television sets."

Dramatic Breakthrough. Perhaps not. For the first time, India no longer seems forever doomed to live on the edge of hunger—an accomplishment that may be as important for the human race as any other achievement in this century. The reason: a dramatic breakthrough in agriculture known from one end of the vast subcontinent to the other as "the green revolution." Within four years, despite its approximately 540 million population, which is increasing at the rate of 13 million a year, India expects to achieve self-sufficiency in food production. That prospect is the result of a combination of ambitious innovations: extensively used new high-yield strains of rice and wheat, chemical fer-

tilizers and advanced irrigation techniques. The revolution's effects can already be seen across the northern plains stretching from the Punjab and Uttar Pradesh to the Himalayas, limned in rich green carpets of young wheat, glittering paddies, and the silver glint of polyethylene lining the sandy irrigation ditches (an idea borrowed from the parched valleys of California).

The Hardy Dwarf. The keys to India's new progress are the wheat and rice strains developed by the Philippine International Rice Research Institute and by the Rockefeller Foundation in Mexico during the past two decades. Using dwarf grain genes imported from Japan, Rockefeller researchers developed a group of short, sturdy, thick-stalked "Mexican" grains so impervious to seasonal light changes that they can produce two or three crops a year.* Following the disastrous 1965-67 drought, Indian farmers, with intensive field aid from the Ford Foundation, planted some 20 million acres of the new Mexican wheat. The results turned out to be astonishing: the 1968 wheat harvest topped India's previous record harvest by 35 percent, or 4.3 million tons.

The evidence of the revolution is everywhere. A once brown and arid district of Haryana state is now dotted with oases of green where farmers have bought a diesel or electric pump and are no longer at the mercy of uncertain monsoon rains. Beside many a newly built brick pump shed sits the re-

* With heavy fertilization, the dwarf wheat, which stands 18 inches high, half as tall as ordinary wheat, can bear more grain without toppling over.

mains of the *charsia*. It is an ancient device, similar to a Persian waterwheel, by which teams of yoked bullocks are used to raise and lower the well's leather bucket. Indian farmers are gradually discovering that the *charsia* is a luxury they cannot afford. It costs a farmer \$19.40 to run a *charsia* and takes him four days to irrigate a single acre with one. A diesel pump can irrigate two acres a day for \$3.64, and an electric pump can do the same job in twelve hours for \$2.37. The boom in pumps has produced a shortage in power; in some districts in the countryside, farmers must irrigate at night because there is not enough electricity to go around in the daytime. "I never get any sleep any more," one farmer grumbled. "At night I am busy irrigating." All across India, farmers who until three or four years ago had scarcely seen an electric light are chattering about horsepower and voltage ratings. "So far India has known only the problems of an underdeveloped economy," a Western diplomat remarked in New Delhi last week. "Very soon she may be experiencing the problems of affluence."

Black Market. Fatter granaries have indeed brought farmers a new affluence, and have led many village shopkeepers to stock toothbrushes, cigarettes and even bicycles and sewing machines for the first time. A black market in certain seeds is thriving. A land boom is under way, and in some areas land prices have risen 600 percent within five years. In many villages, the once-powerful moneylender, beset by competition from both cooperatives and government agencies, is turning to land speculation himself. Significantly, the



POWER PUMPING IN HARYANA STATE

Perhaps not the final answers, but they do provide a respite.



SPRAYING WHEAT WITH INSECTICIDES



MOURNERS PASSING PALACH'S CASKET AT CHARLES UNIVERSITY



MARTYR PALACH

green revolution seems to be reversing the migration of peasants to cities and towns. Already a few clerks and a great many unskilled workers have quit their jobs and returned to the land. If he does well, a farmer can earn over \$1,300 a year, twice a clerk's wage.

Despite the obvious progress, government officials are guarded in their enthusiasm, lest it slow the momentum of the new agricultural programs as well as the government's massive educational and medical efforts to reduce the birth rate. "I would like to caution against too much talk of an agricultural revolution," the President of India, Dr. Zakir Husain, told his countrymen last weekend. "We are not yet free from the vagaries of monsoons. There are too many imponderables."

Increased Harvests. Nonetheless, there is ample evidence that such a revolution is changing not only India but much of the world. In Pakistan (pop. approximately 135 million), where an ambitious birth control program—using such slogans as "Grow More Food, Breed Fewer Children"—has reduced the birth rate from 3.3% to 2.5%, self-sufficiency in food will be achieved this year. Vastly increased grain harvests have been gathered in the Philippines, Ceylon, Turkey and Mexico. In South Vietnam, the IR-8 rice strain (TIME, June 14) has been so successful that the Viet Cong have sought to discredit it by telling peasants that it causes cancer and leprosy. Indeed, most developing countries—but not including China, because of its self-imposed, xenophobic political isolationism—are benefiting, or about to benefit, from the new crops and new techniques. By themselves, the new farming methods are, of course, not the final answer. But they do provide an urgently needed respite. "We've been able to buy some time," says U.S. Food Expert Lester Brown, "so we can study further how to control the world's population."

Newly and/or unexpectedly imposed tyranny can make people commit suicide.

SO wrote Tomáš G. Masaryk, founder and first President of the Czechoslovak Republic, who, as a young man, published a scholarly book on suicide. Last week his words seemed tragically prophetic. Hitherto Czechoslovakia's resistance to last summer's Soviet invasion had ranged from almost comic escapades in sabotage, to reasoned defense of its reform measures in the press, to mass demonstrations of anger and resentment. Almost never was there desperation to be seen, not even among the most militant fatigue-jacketed students of Prague's Charles University.

Then, by a single desperate act, Czechoslovaks were more stunned and stirred than at any time since the invasion. In the main square of downtown Prague, a student had protested his country's loss of freedom by setting himself afire.

The suicide was 21-year-old Jan Palach, a quiet, bookish philosophy major at Charles University. Entering Wenceslas Square in the bustle of mid-afternoon traffic, Palach carefully removed his overcoat, poured a small can of gasoline over himself and struck a match. Instantly, to the horror of several dozen passersby, he turned into a human torch. Despite a bus dispatcher's frantic effort to smother the flames with his overcoat, Palach's body was ravaged. He died three days later.


Appalled Reaction. The purpose of Palach's self-immolation was contained in a note found in his overcoat pocket. To rescue Czechoslovakia from the "edge of hopelessness," he had written, a group of volunteers had decided to burn themselves, one by one, as a protest. Palach made two demands of the

government: an end to censorship and the prohibition of the Soviets' occupation newspaper, Zprávy. Considering the finality of his act, they were remarkably modest requests. The note was signed, "Torch No. 1."

Suicide for political reasons is hardly a novel idea in Czechoslovakia. At least a score of Stalinist Party Boss Antonín Novotný's lieutenants took their own lives, usually by hanging, in the early days of Alexander Dubček's regime. Shortly after the Stalinist takeover of Czechoslovakia in 1948, the Communists announced that Wartime Leader Jan Masaryk, son of Tomáš, had jumped out of a window—a claim that seemed credible to many Czechoslovaks despite evidence that he was pushed. Many of Palach's mourners compared him to Jan Hus, the 15th century martyr who chose death at the stake rather than recant his religious views.

Still, there is no precedent in Czechoslovakia for Palach's attempt to provoke unrest by the deliberate, fiery kind of self-destruction that Buddhists used in South Viet Nam, and the first appalled reaction was to dismiss his act as the product of a deranged mind.

Duplicate Martyrdom. What caused that view to change was a feeling, even in the government, that Palach's death had to be taken as a serious political protest. While President Ludvík Svoboda pleaded against the repetition of "this horrible deed," he declared sympathetically on television that, "as a soldier, I am able to assess the self-denial and the personal courage of Jan Palach." Student and some union leaders quickly moved to channel the nation's horror and sympathy for Palach into full-scale political protest. First in Prague and then in other cities, they staged memorial marches, vowed to go on hun-

A man in a cowboy hat and light-colored shirt, holding a cigarette, with cigarette packs in the foreground.

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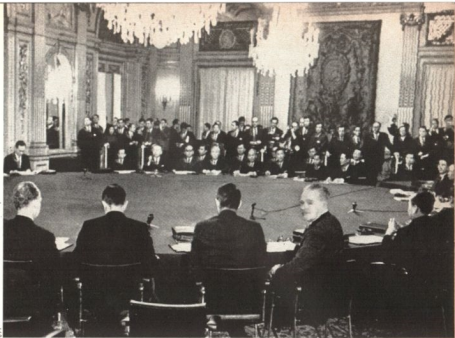
ger strikes and sought meetings with government officials to take up Palach's two demands. Some 20,000 persons marched in a candlelight parade through Prague to the dead youth's university building and took up positions in the square fronting it; ironically, it was named Red Army Square. One group climbed up signposts and covered them over with new plaques reading "Jan Palach Square."

Palach reportedly made a deathbed plea to "let no one else do it." His companions in the protest death pact apparently thought better of their vow—or at least about the method. In Prague, a pretty 18-year-old coed named Blanka Nacházcelová died with her head in a gas oven. She left behind a note saying that she should have been Torch No. 2 but had chosen to use gas out of fear of the pain. The Czechoslovak Interior Ministry insisted that she had been forced to kill herself by unspecified other parties.

In a bizarre and frightful contagion, no fewer than ten other young men, six inside Czechoslovakia and four elsewhere in Europe, set themselves ablaze in eight days following Palach's suicide. They included a 23-year-old Brno locksmith who burned himself in front of a memorial to Palach; a 24-year-old Czechoslovak serving time for robbery; and a 35-year-old Austrian dairy worker who had just been dismissed from his job. None apparently acted from political motives, and several had previous records of suicide attempts. Local authorities could only speculate that they thought they could somehow achieve Palach's martyrdom by duplicating his death.

Honor Guard. Thousands of mourners waited up to three hours to pass Palach's body as he lay in state at Charles University under a blanket of flowers. Seven university deans and rectors, dressed in their medieval robes, formed an honor guard around the coffin, and sympathizers throughout Prague pinned crape-trimmed miniature flags on their clothes.

At week's end half a million Czechoslovaks filled the streets of Prague as a huge funeral procession followed Palach's grey oak coffin from a statue of Jan Hus in a courtyard of the university. It was accompanied by four truckloads of flowers; a band sent the mournful strains of funeral dirges across the city. Fearing violence at what had turned into a national hero's funeral, the government stage-managed most of the arrangements and issued a volley of pleas for calm. They proved unnecessary; partly out of respect, and partly perhaps because the nation was emotionally drained by Palach's deed, the throngs of mourners watched and listened in eerie silence, and quickly left for home when the ceremony ended. But in their numbers and reverence, they demonstrated that the anguish that drove Palach to his death still can stir his countrymen.



PEACE NEGOTIATORS AT CONFERENCE TABLE (LODGE IN RIGHT FOREGROUND)

A HARSH BEGINNING IN PARIS

ALL week long, Henry Cabot Lodge, the new U.S. chief negotiator for the Paris peace talks, had been working late into the night, briefing himself, staying close to the scrambler telephone that links the Paris Embassy to Washington. How did he feel about the prospects for settlement of the Viet Nam war? "I am the most hopeful man you have ever known in your life," he told newsmen. Lodge, as the first formal session quickly demonstrated, will probably need all the optimism he can muster in the months ahead. While the meeting began on a cool and correct note, it quickly became apparent that the Communists would be just as tough and unyielding as the most pessimistic predictions had envisaged.

In order to accommodate the 60-odd participants, the French hosts had moved the meeting into the Grande Salle des Fêtes of the old Hotel Majestic on Avenue Kléber, which now serves as Paris' International Conference Center. The Grande Salle is 70 feet long, decorated with rich Gobelin tapestries showing Diana the Huntress, and dominated by three huge crystal chandeliers. The delegates assembled around a 26-foot-diameter table, almost double the size of the one used in an earlier procedural conference. The U.S. and the South Vietnamese, each placing eight representatives at the rim, sat as one delegation, in line with their claim for a two-sided conference. The Communists left a noticeable gap between Hanoi's group of eight and the National Liberation Front's seven delegates to make their point for a four-sided gathering. There were no handshakes, no formal greetings, with the exception of a slight bow from Xuan Thuy toward the U.S.

delegation. Deputy U.S. Negotiator Cyrus Vance returned the gesture; Lodge merely nodded acknowledgment.

There had been earlier agreement on having no agenda so that the delegates would be free to tackle any topic they chose. The U.S. welcomed the arrangement because it bought some time for the new Administration in Washington to map its negotiating strategy.

Vitriolic Denunciation. The Communists chose the political aspect of the struggle as their subject for the opening session, framing their points in tough and seemingly inflexible language. Speaking first, Tran Buu Kiem, chief delegate for the National Liberation Front and also its shadow foreign minister, demanded the creation of a "peace cabinet" in Saigon that would treat the Front as an equal. He then launched into a vitriolic denunciation of the U.S. for its "barbarous and monstrous crimes" and of the Saigon regime, those "ferocious and bloodthirsty puppets." Kiem's colleague from Hanoi, Xuan Thuy, was considerably more restrained but also insisted that the conflict be settled on Communist terms.

The only solid proposal of the day came from the U.S. In a brief statement, Lodge suggested the immediate reestablishment of the Demilitarized Zone as an inviolate buffer zone between the two Viet Nams. He also urged efforts toward troop withdrawal by both sides. Saigon's chief delegate, Ambassador Pham Dang Lam, echoed the American proposals but could not resist a little propaganda on the side. "You'll never take the South by force," he warned the Communists. Shortly thereafter, the 64-hour conference ended with an agreement to reconvene this week.



ULSTER CHILDREN PLAYING NEAR ANTI-CATHOLIC SLOGANS

TROUBLE IN THE LAND OF ORANGE

If politics in Northern Ireland has a quaintly archaic tone, it is probably because the issues have not changed much since 1690. In that year, the English armies of William of Orange trounced the Irish Catholic troops of James II on the banks of the Boyne River and established Protestant ascendancy over all Ireland, including the six counties that constitute Ulster. Ever since—and particularly after Southern Ireland went its Catholic way—Ulster's leaders have been preoccupied with safeguarding the Christian Reformation. William's picture is still painted on the red brick wall of many a Protestant home in Belfast, along with slogans like "No Pope Here." Protestant extremists have taken lately to insulting Catholic women with a new shout: "Ee-aya-addio, you can't take the pill!"

The taunt may be fresh, but the sentiment is not. Having governed their country as a virtual Protestant theocracy since Ireland was partitioned in 1920, the Orangemen of the North pay scant heed to Catholic feelings or, often, to Catholic rights. The Unionist Party monopolized the central government at Stormont from the first, and it has kept power—including voting power—in the hands of the Protestant haves. Businessmen, for example, command up to six votes each in local elections. Nor do the burdens of a chronically weak economy fall equally: unemployment in some Catholic areas runs as high as one person out of six, double the national level.

The Catholics (who number 500,000 in a population of 1,500,000) have chafed with increasing bitterness under this arrangement. Through the years,

clashes between Protestants and Catholics—especially in the capital of Belfast—have drawn enough Irish temper from both sides to make "Belfast confetti" a second name for paving stones. During the past five months, the bitterness has erupted almost weekly in a wave of demonstrations, street riots and vigilantism. The unrest has presented the country's moderate Prime Minister, Captain Terence O'Neill, with his toughest problem and most serious political challenge in six years.

The Oligarchic Order. The conflict, as always, has strongly religious overtones. But because the central issue involves civil rights at the local level, it has become a cause not only for Catholic activists but also for New Left militants, Communists and even a few liberal Protestants. Last summer near the town of Dungannon, a 29-year-old opposition M.P. named Austin Currie staged a sit-in to protest the assignment of a family flat to the unmarried teenage secretary of a Unionist bigwig. The protest quickly spread to Londonderry, where a system of blatant gerrymandering has resulted in the two-thirds Catholic majority's getting only one-third of the public-built housing; it eventually turned into a nationwide campaign for reapportionment and for the "one-man, one-vote" principle.

Among ordinary Ulster citizens, there was considerable sympathy for some of the reform demands. O'Neill, a patrician, soft-spoken former Irish Guards captain who has been Prime Minister since 1963, was already trying to parlay that sympathy into a vote of confidence in his gradual program for equality. But when activist demonstrators began join-

ing the protest ranks, extremist groups within O'Neill's Unionist Party reacted violently. Among the first to express its ire was the oligarchic Orange Order, a powerful political-religious society whose members have included all Prime Ministers and virtually every Cabinet Minister in Northern Ireland's history. Like others, it has been particularly skillful in playing on the fears of Orangemen that all Catholics secretly want "to do away with the border" and rejoin Eire, despite a recent poll showing that 70% of Ulster's Catholics favor some form of continuing association with Britain.

For Protestants, perhaps the most galling provocation came last October when Catholic marchers paraded within Londonderry's Old Walls, a Unionist shrine. Convinced that the protesters had overstepped all bounds, Protestant bigots soon began organizing counterdemonstrations. Their spokesman was fiery Ian Paisley, leader of the extremist Free Presbyterian Church, who rarely misses an opportunity to vent his rabidly anti-Catholic views. He refers to the Roman Catholic church as "the greatest dictatorship in the world," and his newspaper has come up with the singular suggestion that the Viet Nam war is a Jesuit conspiracy.

Feenian Bastards. Paisley's chief badgerman was a blustery ex-Royal Engineers officer named Major Ralph Bunting, who had been attached to a number of far-out political causes before teaming up with Paisley a year ago. Bunting's Boys soon began laying in wait for protest marchers, first to block their path and later to knock heads. Over New Year's, they bird-dogged a line of student demonstrators on a four-day, 75-mile protest walk from Belfast to Londonderry. On the final day, they

VIC PATTERSON

PRIME MINISTER O'NEILL
The taunts may be fresh.

ambushed the students, who reached their goal with 81 injured. That night, Londonderry's police—many of them Paisley sympathizers—staged a raid on Bogside, the Catholic slum area. They beat passersby, smashed windows and shouted into darkened houses, "Come out, you Fenian bastards." Catholics responded by setting up vigilante patrols to protect themselves, closing off their section of the city to normal traffic.

At an emergency Cabinet meeting two weeks later, O'Neill promised to severely limit demonstrations and bear down hard on lawbreakers from either side. He also proposed a high-level commission to look into what caused the violence, a move that Catholic Leader Currie hailed as the harbinger of "British democracy here." His followers and Bunting called off plans for further demonstrations, though Paisley last week carried his campaign to St. Paul's Cathedral in London, where he was pelted with oranges, to demonstrate against an appearance there by the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster.

Noisy Campaign. O'Neill has firmly established his credentials as an honorable, if plodding, moderate. When the controversy was heating up last fall, he scathingly denounced extremists of his own party as "lunatics who would set a course that could only lead to an all-Ireland Republic." When Home Affairs Minister William Craig resisted O'Neill's efforts for reform, the Prime Minister sacked him. Last week the Deputy Prime Minister, Brian Faulkner, turned in his resignation and accused O'Neill of allowing the party "to tear itself to pieces." Unfortunately for those of good will, the attitude of Craig, Faulkner and other Unionist hard-liners has already frayed the fabric of all of Northern Ireland.



PAISLEY DUCKING ORANGE IN LONDON
But the sentiment is not.

EUROPE

People-Smuggling

Though Communist countries do not ordinarily foster free enterprise, a shadowy group of Western entrepreneurs owes its profits to the existence of the Communist world. It is composed of the people-smugglers, who have made a mechanical—and ruthless—business out of springing refugees from Eastern Europe for a price. The price can be high, both in money (one ring charges \$2,500 per escape) and, all too often, in human terms as well. While the smugglers often succeed in getting their clients to the West, their methods sometimes get other Westerners into serious difficulties.

Marion Blom, Lodi van Bennekom and Ruud Sernaau, three young Netherlands, found that out the hard way. Marion, 24, is a leggy, attractive and not very bright brunette model. Lodi, 21, is a photographer, and his friend Ruud, also 21, is a graphic designer. Because all were naive enough to trust a 37-year-old tough from Amsterdam's red-light district named Jan Huivenaar, they ended up in Eastern European jails.

Strolling Through. Huivenaar, who is now in an Amsterdam prison, began his career peddling narcotics, abortion pills and second-hand cars in the Amsterdam underworld. Since 1962, he has concentrated on smuggling refugees out of Eastern Europe. At first he freelanced, hiding would-be escapees in secret compartments of automobiles and bringing them across borders for \$125 apiece. As Eastern European nations steadily tightened border-security measures, the old escape methods—cars or tunnels—became unreliable. So, as Huivenaar tells it, he linked up with a Berliner named Wolfgang Loeffler, 44, and their techniques soon became much more sophisticated. So did their prices.

Loeffler and Huivenaar sent their clients strolling straight through the checkpoints, carrying someone else's passport. It was Huivenaar's job to find Westerners who were willing, for the sake of money or sympathy, to let their documents be used in the scheme. In a typical operation, Huivenaar would promise a dupe in the West about \$200 for falling in with his plans, then convoy him to a Communist capital such as Warsaw, Budapest or East Berlin. There the passport would be handed over to an accomplice. Photos would be substituted on it, and it would then be delivered to the prospective escapee.

The next step was for the recipient to vanish across the handiest frontier, while the Westerner waited 24 hours, then reported to his embassy or the local police that his passport had been "lost" or "stolen." Huivenaar promised his victims that temporary documents permitting them to go home would be issued without question. But all too often the scenario would go awry.

When Marion tried the ruse last September, a Budapest cop told her sharp-

PETER KONNEVELD



MARION BLOM AFTER RELEASE
High price in human terms as well.

ly: "You know very well you never lost your passport. You had better tell us the truth—we know the game pretty well." Marion confessed. Huivenaar had hired her in Amsterdam, she said. Then Loeffler had met her by appointment in Vienna's Hotel Wienzeile, given her \$20 to enjoy herself in Budapest for a day, and told her where to meet the East German girl who was to use her passport. The girl escaped safely, but Marion drew a six-month prison term. She was lucky, however: on appeal, her term was cut to three months, after the court learned that Huivenaar and a Dutch accomplice had been arrested in The Netherlands.

Only the Naive. Her two compatriots were not so fortunate. Van Bennekom and Sernaau are still in an East German prison. Their story was much the same as Marion's. After reaching an agreement in Amsterdam with Huivenaar, they were taken to West Berlin last April, introduced to Loeffler for final instructions, then taken to East Berlin. There, at the Hotel Sofia, they gave their passports to one of Loeffler's accomplices, who passed them on. When the two Dutch boys reported to police that their passports had been lost, they were arrested immediately, because the documents already had been used by Loeffler's clients. The two boys were sentenced to 33 months in an East German prison.

Once the two youths are released, West Berlin's prosecutor's office will go after Loeffler. Though there is something to be said for those who help refugees escape, Loeffler's passport swap is a strictly commercial venture, just as his earlier schemes were. A Berlin prosecutor estimates that he grossed \$50,000 in one two-year period. Berlin police are sure that the cynical Loeffler knows precisely what will happen to his dupes, mostly naive Western youngsters, and want to put him out of business.

FRANCE

Not Yet, Josephine . . .

Foreign Minister Michel Debré was drowsing on during the weekly Cabinet meeting at the Elysée Palace when Charles de Gaulle, tossing his head impatiently, cut him off. The general had something he wanted to get on the record. "In the accomplishment of the national task that has been bestowed on me," intoned De Gaulle, "I was re-elected President on December 19, 1965, for seven years by the French people. I have the duty and the intention of completing this mandate until the end." To make certain that the French people heard clearly, De Gaulle instructed Information Minister Joël Le Theule to repeat his message word for word to waiting newsmen.

Knocked-Down Dauphin. De Gaulle, who was 78 last November, has called old age "a shipwreck" and insisted that "one must know how to retire." Until last week, however, the general has been a reynard about the timing of his farewell. Associates assumed that he might leave early. Since De Gaulle dotes on symbolism, the dates most often guessed were June 18, 1970, the 30th anniversary of his London broadcast urging French resistance, or his 80th birthday later that year. What prompted De Gaulle last week to stop playing coy was that another fox was suddenly being blunt. On a visit to Rome, former Gaullist Premier Georges Pompidou openly declared for the first time that he would be a candidate for President "if the presidency is one day vacant."

Pompidou has been saying the same thing in private ever since De Gaulle suddenly replaced him six months ago with Maurice Couve de Murville. To friends, the onetime Rothschild partner confided that "I will either be the next President of France or leader of the opposition."

Pompidou is certain he could win. His handling of last summer's strikes and riots, he feels, was so adept that "a current" passed between himself and the country. Proof of the current was the Gaullist sweep of the special election in June, which Pompidou masterminded. The former Premier feels that he received a charge as well as a current. When he placed Pompidou "in reserve," De Gaulle asked him to "be prepared to accomplish any mission and to assume any mandate that could one day be confided to you by the nation." Pompidou and almost everyone else assumed that this was De Gaulle's oracular way of naming his close comrade dauphin, readying him for the day when the emperor retired. Last week's emphatic statement tempered such speculation. Observed *Le Monde*: "De Gaulle disavows the man who for six years was his closest collaborator."

French politicians were suspicious of Pompidou's timing since Pompidou had had a long meeting with De Gaulle before he departed for Rome. "He should have visited Florence instead of Rome," growled one Gaullist deputy, implying

that his colleague was acting like an intriguing Medici. Pompidou, who made the announcement over drinks with newsmen at the French embassy, insisted that he had spoken only out of gallantry. A lady had asked the question, he said; had a man asked, he would have been more brusque. Returning to Paris, Pompon, as Frenchmen have nicknamed him, toned down his Roman remarks. "Thank heavens," he told newsmen, "General de Gaulle is thoroughly in the saddle."

Pompidou has, of course, a notable flair for gallantry. But he doubtless had political reasons for speaking when he did. While diminishing his public role, De Gaulle also advised him to remain visible. In six months of relative in-



POMPIDOU CAMPAIGNING AS PREMIER
More than gallant.

activity, Pompidou had undeniably begun to dim in the public consciousness. To be sure, he is still a Deputy in the National Assembly and the acknowledged though unofficial leader of the Gaullist majority. He has steadfastly supported De Gaulle decisions, most notably by characterizing the recent presidential embargo of Israel as "impeccable." But his present office in a Left Bank apartment house is a far cry from the Premier's splendid quarters in the Matignon Hotel, and his visibility as a Deputy is small.

Pompidou, however, has some advantages in his quest for the presidency. One is that his potential opposition is doing poorly at the moment. Couve de Murville is efficient but dull; he calls himself a "provisional Prime Minister" in jest, but Frenchmen have begun to agree. Debré is losing favor with De Gaulle because he is lukewarm toward

the President's plans for decentralizing government. Education Minister Edgar Faure has lost stature as a result of continuing student unrest; last week rioters from the Lycée Saint Louis in Paris temporarily seized the Sorbonne, and at the new University of Vincennes agitators had to be driven out by police using tear gas.

Benefit Appearance. Pompidou meanwhile has begun acting like a campaigner. He and his ash-blond wife Claude no longer vacation with the Côte d'Azur *dolce vita* set. Instead, they visit the staid Atlantic Coast or their country home at Cajarac in Lot, where Pompidou is photographed talking to the peasants. At the same time, he is subtly disengaging himself from unpopular De Gaulle positions. Though he agreed with the Israeli embargo, he did not like De Gaulle's innuendo that Jews unduly influenced the French press. Pompidou also believes, in light of Russian intransigence over Czechoslovakia, that France should renew Western ties weakened by De Gaulle. Significantly, his 1969 agenda tentatively includes trips to the U.S., Mexico and Canada, as well as tours of the French provinces to discuss domestic problems. His next major venture: a February appearance in Geneva where, for the benefit of a French audience, he will speak on "The Future of France."

SPAIN

End of the Experiment

Spain's Generalissimo Francisco Franco broke off his uneasy five-year adventure into liberalism last week by clamping a state of emergency on his increasingly restive nation. The move came after fiery student demonstrations in Madrid and Barcelona; the regime charged that students had been misled by "wicked and ambitious persons" employing a "strategy aimed at producing an orgy of nihilism, anarchism and disobedience." Student unrest, however, was only part of the story. During the past several years, the long quiescent opposition to Franco had taken on sufficient stature to cause serious worry among the conservatives in the regime. When the crackdown came, it was characteristically harsh.

Censorship of the press, abandoned nearly three years ago, was reinstated. Once again police were given the right to search and make arrests without warrants. Major universities were closed. In all, five articles of Spain's Bill of Rights were suspended for a 90-day period, and if trouble continues, Franco almost certainly will extend the state of siege for as long as he deems necessary. Clearly, the Madrid government had been deeply impressed by the French explosion last May, and was determined to choke off any similar uprising.

"It is better to prevent than cure," said Information Minister Manuel Fraga Iribarne. "From this moment, the full weight of the law will fall on inciters of unrest and their followers."

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NORTH AMERICAN VAN LINES

The GENTLEmen of the Moving Industry

PEOPLE

The newspaper ad placed by Honeywell Inc. to attract computer technicians was a high-class bit of copy and featured drawings of those two great authors of *Principia Mathematica*, Alfred North Whitehead (1861-1947) and Bertrand Russell (1872-1967). The late Bertrand Russell? Hardly. At 96, he is very much alive at his home in Wales. And when he heard that Honeywell also makes anti-personnel bombs as well as computers, he was even more willing to carry out a lawsuit he had filed for unauthorized use of his name and picture. After dryly noting the "somewhat misleading legend" about his death, Russell finally settled for the ad agency's apology and a check for \$400 made out to the Bertrand Russell Peace Foundation.

What the young firebrand proposed was nothing less than a commando raid on the coast of England or Ireland. The invaders would capture "some ministerial Men of Consequence" and then exchange them for a captured American diplomat. The raid never materialized, but the war was won anyway and the plotter went on to triumphs in other fields. He was John Jay, first Chief Justice of the United States, who in 1781, as a 35-year-old emissary to Spain, hatched the kidnapping scheme in a letter to a friend in France. Jay's daring plan remained virtually unknown for nearly two centuries until the letter was placed on exhibit at the John Jay Home-stead in Katonah, N.Y.

On a trip undertaken in memory of her husband, Coretta King, widow of Martin Luther King Jr., traveled to Rome for a private audience with Pope Paul VI. She then went on to New Delhi to accept the \$13,300 Ja-



POPE PAUL & CORETTA KING
Tribute for a life.

waharlal Nehru Award for International Understanding, which was given to her husband posthumously. After accepting the honor from India's President Zakir Husain, Mrs. King listened to a group of students softly sing *We Shall Overcome*, and, in a gracious speech, said: "My heart is greatly warmed and my spirit is greatly lifted by this profound recognition. I accept it as a tribute to a well-fought fight in progress. To the great task ahead, I humbly rededicate my life."

In the mid-16th century, a slave picked an oyster from the sea off Panama's Pacific coast, and found inside a treasure of staggering size and beauty: a magnificent, 203.84-grain pear-shaped drop pearl. Over the years, *La Peregrina* (The Wanderer), as the gem came to be called, passed from Philip II of Spain to his English wife Mary Tudor ("Bloody Mary"), then on to the Bonapartes of France, and to England's Marquess of Abercorn. Last week *La Peregrina* turned up on the block at Manhattan's Parke-Bernet Galleries, and it was swiftly sold for \$37,000. The buyer? Parke-Bernet was not saying, but reporters had an inkling. Less than a year ago, Richard Burton had bought the Krupp diamond for \$305,000 at a similar sale. After a little prodding, Burton's lawyers explained that Liz's birthday is less than a month away, so Dickie had snapped up *La Peregrina* as his gift.

Waving and smiling at the crowds lining the streets, the Soviet Union's latest space heroes, the Soyuz 4 and 5 cosmonauts, received a tumultuous welcome in Moscow. Then, as the 20-car motorcade began to pass through the Kremlin's Borovitsky Gate, a young man suddenly fired six pistol shots at the third car. The driver and a motorcycle outrider were wounded. Bystanders apparently overpowered the gunman and police hustled him away. Whom was he trying to kill? Possibly, the gunman thought he was aiming at Party Boss Leonid Brezhnev and Soviet President Nikolai Podgorny (Brezhnev and other Soviet leaders were reportedly in the following car). In any event, the Soviets dismissed him as a "mentally disturbed" youth of about 20. It was a convenient label, since a favorite Soviet device for dealing with political dissenters is to lock them up in insane asylums.

For a moment, it looked as if someone had doused her with water. No, said Twiggy, the outfit is supposed to look that way—sopping wet. At a show in London's Ritz Hotel, fashion's will-o'-the-wisp unveiled the latest shapes from her designing firm: slippery nylon tights that have a "liquid look." But why the bags in the knees and the sags in the ankles? "It's just Twiggy," explained Justin de Villeneuve, her perennial fiancé.



TWIGGY
Water on the wisp.

It seemed that no matter how much the Twig hitched up her waistline, her tights were not tight enough.

Snuggled into her cosiest leopard-skin dress, Gina Lollobrigida, 40, breezed into Manhattan to say a few good words for her 51st film, *Buona Sera, Mrs. Campbell*. She also passed some opinions on her favorite topic. "In America, women are so important and so selfish. They become so powerful that they're the equals of men," she said. "In Europe, we act small and stupid. And that makes us appealing." To whom was she appealing at the moment? asked a reporter. "Very many men. I am very generous," was the answer. "Today, sexy comes from the personality and how you look at a man. The bust is not so important, any more. But, of course, I'm not bad."

While preparing for the opening curtain of *La Gioconda* at Miami's Dade County Auditorium, Tenor Richard Tucker suddenly noticed an air-conditioned chill. "Turn it off," he complained; the cool air, he said, would freeze his throat. But of course, said the impresario—and sotto voce told his assistant to leave it on. All through the first two acts, Tucker's anger mounted. Finally, just before the third act he announced: "Unless the air conditioning is turned off, I do not sing a note!" Someone mentioned that the audience might leave. "Let them!" Tucker roared. "They must accommodate to me, not me to them. The trouble with this business," he said solemnly as the air conditioning was shut down, "is that it is filled with egotistical maniacs."

EDUCATION

The attacking force of 8,000 riot police was under orders to do the job quickly and to avoid injuring students wherever possible. They moved in at dawn, carrying thick plastic shields, batons and protective nets. Peripheral buildings were cleared by midmorning. Then, under a deluge of rocks, Molotov cocktails, bottles of sulphuric acid and lengths of pipe, the police closed in on mock-Gothic Yasuda Hall, the main building on the campus.

They tear gassed the defenders and trained water cannons at students on the roof. Using power saws, sledge-hammers and blow-torches, they battered and burned down the barricades while a police helicopter sprayed tear gas down on the building. Resistance ended the afternoon of the second day and the beaten Zengakuren were led off to jail. There were 631 arrests, but, amazingly, only three students and two policemen were listed as seriously injured.

The damage was so extensive that Prime Minister Eisaku Sato, a 1924 graduate himself (seven of Japan's ten postwar Prime Ministers attended Tokyo University), wept when he visited the scene. Dazed professors walked through ravaged offices and laboratories, ankle-deep in rubble and water. Even the marble wall of the main entrance had been broken up. The bill for the damage may run as high as \$1,000,000.

The intellectual damage was even heavier. Angered at what it thought was vacillation by the university administration, the government ordered cancellation of entrance examinations for the incoming class, a move that will cripple the university for years to come. Most faculty members, in turn, are bitterly resentful of the government's insistence on hard-line tactics.

Deep Divisions. The student body remains deeply divided between the ultraradical anarchists and Maoists, the somewhat calmer Marxists, and the majority, who merely want to get on with their education. The radicals have no real interest in achieving academic reforms; they want to overturn the established order of society, and they chose the university as a convenient target. Last fall they organized a bloody riot at Shinjuku railway station to protest the Viet Nam war. Their next objective, they say, will be to create national political tumult as the 1970 date for review of the U.S.-Japanese Security Pact approaches.

With an eye to a chaotic future, defeated Radical Student Leader Yosh-

itaka Yamamoto crowded from his sanctuary in private Nihon University: "We may have lost the battle, but we have won the war." And he promised that there would be further disruptive action in Tokyo and at other state schools.

Protest and the Law

In the spasm that routinely greets the arrival of military recruiters on college campuses, protesters occupied the offices of Columbia University's student placement agency for all of five minutes last week—time enough for them to perform a few customary acts of vandalism. Then the quiet of the midyear exam period returned.

Or so it seemed. But in the aftermath of the brief excitement, Columbia's acting president Andrew W. Cordier faced up to a nagging legal issue. He announced that a faculty committee will study the university's relationships with the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. Under specific scrutiny by the committee is Public Law 90-373. That recent, obscure piece of legislation withholds new NASA research grants from schools that bar military recruiters. More significantly, it also forbids universities to dispense NASA funds to any individual who has ever been convicted in any U.S. court of "organizing, promoting, encouraging, or participating in a riot or civil disorder"—provided that the offense was a felony carrying a penalty of more than one year in jail. To politically active professors and students throughout the U.S.—many of whom depend on federal research funds—Public Law 90-373 now has ominous significance. As they see it, the law is one more disturbing piece of evidence that the Government is trying to legislate standards of behavior on campus.



YASUDA HALL UNDER SIEGE
The intellectual damage was even heavier.

UNIVERSITIES

The Battle of Tokyo U.

Elaborately equipped police swirled around a barricaded building while ragged defenders struggled to hold them off. Helicopters clattered overhead broadcasting calls for surrender; tear gas billowed and missiles flew. While millions of Japanese watched on television last week, the storming of Tokyo University brought a violent end to a bitter, year-long student strike.

Until the last moment, it seemed as if the fight might be avoided; most of the striking students had called it quits long before the final skirmish. They had struck in the first place to protest the old order—out-dated lectures, remote professors, inflexible administrative practices. And they had won resoundingly. Acting President Ichiro Kato and the administration of Japan's greatest institution of higher education had agreed to a 10-point program that promised the students a large share of authority. Among other things, it all but barred the presence of police on the campus, practically eliminated any form of university discipline over students, and promised a review of all existing rules restricting student activity.

But an ultraradical splinter group from the Zengakuren students' union was not about to settle for any peaceful solution. Like militants on other campuses the world over, they wanted a violent confrontation with authority. They barricaded themselves in university buildings and prepared for a long siege.



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- 10 Could you survive a tough seven-month training program? One part of it: 12 rigorous weeks in New York City, where you'll study and be tested on everything from corporation finance to the Federal Reserve System. ☐
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- 13 Do you know how to get to the point? Our account executives spend about 90% of their time on the phone—and there's no room for windbagging. ☐
- 14 Do you have good energy reserves? As a Merrill Lynch Account Executive, you'll be going full blast all day. When that board starts to move, your phone will start to ring. There's no time for back-slap-ping at the water cooler. ☐
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If you're still interested in becoming a Merrill Lynch Account Executive after this barrage of questions, here's what we'd like you to do. Sit down and write us a letter, answering the 18 questions on this page as briefly or as fully as you like. Tell us what you really think—about yourself, about the job. No soft soap, please.

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THE PRESS

NEWSPAPERS

About the Media Barons

The Federal Communications Commission has long been concerned with what Commissioner Nicholas Johnson calls "the media barons"—newspaper publishers who also own local TV and radio stations and thus threaten "the free exchange of information and opinion." Last week, in an unprecedented ruling, the FCC denied renewal of the license of Boston's WHDH-TV, which is owned (along with AM and FM radio stations) by the Herald-Traveler Corp. Taking over the CBS-affiliated channel will be Boston Broadcasters Inc., a consortium of 30 Boston businessmen and Cambridge intellectuals.

Explaining its decision, the 3-to-1 FCC majority said that "the widest possible dissemination of information from diverse and antagonistic sources is in the public interest." The philosophy is admirable, of course, but complicated in practice. In many U.S. cities, financially ailing papers only manage to keep publishing because of profitable broadcasting sidelines. The Herald-Traveler is a case in point; in 1967 it gave up its losing afternoon competition with the Boston Evening Globe and concentrated on the morning. But the outcome is still in doubt. Although circulation is climbing, the Herald-Traveler is still lagging behind the Morning Globe by 217,000 to 237,000.

Harold Clancy, president of the Herald-Traveler Corp., which has operated WHDH-TV since it came on the air in 1957, reported himself "shocked but undismayed" by the ruling and expressed confidence that it would be overturned by the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals. Until the court acts, the newspaper will retain control of the station.

REPORTERS

A Different Conservative

Garry Wills, an *Esquire* contributing editor with a gift for wit and lucidity, occasionally writes an article that is absolutely unreadable to most people. There was, for instance, his piece in the *American Journal of Philology*, "The Sapphic 'Umwertung Aller Werte.'" It began: "The poem differs from other early (i.e., pre-Pindaric) Priamelns in two respects. First: the catalogue, which seems to be completed in the first strophe with the climactic *ἔγνω δέ*, is resumed after an interval of three strophes. Second: the relationship between the catalogued values and the climactic one seems tenuous."

Currently, Wills is assured a larger audience, with a long piece on Richard Nixon in the penultimate *Saturday Evening Post* and another on Spiro Agnew in *Esquire*. Both articles will be part of his forthcoming book, *Nixon Agonistes*, which he works on when he is not writing his book on Sophocles or teaching

his graduate-school seminar at Johns Hopkins on the Greek dramatist. Just who does Wills think he is? "I'm a classicist who wants to write journalism," he says. "I see nothing odd about that. I didn't intend to go into journalism until the Classics department said either stop moonlighting or lose your tenure. So now I'm a journalist moonlighting at Hopkins."

To both his callings Wills brings a prodigious intelligence and an education that includes five years in a Jesuit seminary and a Classics Ph.D. from Yale.



WILLS AT WORK
And a child shall analyze them.

At 34, he already has published a book-length literary critique of Chesterton, a theological analysis of *Politics and Catholic Freedom*, and a collection of translations on *Roman Culture*. He has expanded *Esquire* articles into books on *Jack Ruby* and *The Second Civil War*, the latter being a rather frightening look at the domestic arms race between police and Negroes.

Assigned to cover last summer's political conventions for *National Review*, Wills produced accounts that were as perceptive—and, at their best, as evocatively written—as Norman Mailer's. He is not mainly a narrative writer; his stories are propelled by his analytical insights. He can pinpoint the perspectives of a society, such as the South's view of the Rev. Martin Luther King: He was "an Uncle Ben with a degree, a Bill Bailey who came home—and turned the home upside down. In him, they saw their niggers turning a calm new face of power on them." He described

Rockefeller, arriving in Miami, as "black comedy Falstaff, not only disastrous in himself, but the cause of disaster in others. . . . He was not only a late starter; he had developed a fascination with the starting gate, and kept circling through it as if it were a revolving door." To the surprise of many readers of William F. Buckley's magazine, he was generally sympathetic to the kids in Chicago, whom he described as soft and supple. He spent days among them, and felt that their behavior was shaped by events, rather than vice versa.

Prolonging Superstitions. Despite this view of the Chicago hippies, he describes himself as a conservative, but he might not be accepted as such by most who wear that label. He does not automatically distrust a strong central government, but sees it as beneficial if it truly reflects the will of the people. More significantly, he thinks free enterprise is no more valid as a foundation for an economy than the notion that, in a free marketplace of ideas, the best ideas will necessarily prevail. No conventional conservative could have written his account of Spiro Agnew, in whom he feels, "America's old dimmed-puritan mixture still works—morals without religion, a peremptory *must* without a tempering *why* (inverse of the European formula, religion without morals). Agnew maintains the cult of success as a form of righteousness. America's history revolves around the interconnected superstitions that one must deserve success; that one can (rather easily, by mere decorum) deserve it; and that if one deserves it, it will come. America was built on the symbiosis of Dale Carnegie and Billy Graham. These national superstitions have been prolonged in Agnew beyond their natural life by his blighting prosperity, his deals and millionaire pals, his anachronistic Main Street of steel and neon (replacing the old stone and shingle), his crippling good luck and gods who blind him with blessings."

Wills' conservative heroes must meet high intellectual standards—St. Augustine, Cardinal Newman, John Ruskin and, his greatest hero of all, Samuel Johnson. "There's practically no such thing as a real tradition of conservatism in America," he says. "The right and the left today are just splintered forms of 19th century liberalism. Both the contemporary right and left subscribe to the view of the state founded on justice. But the conservatives conceive of a society based on social affection and concords."

Sophocles and the Colts. It was a scholarly critique of "TIME style" Wills mailed to Bill Buckley from Xavier University in 1957 that started his occasional assignments as a book reviewer for *National Review*. Buckley was so impressed that he invited Wills to visit him. "I expected some ancient, crusty professor—and in walked this child. It took me several gulps to think of him as having written this very authoritative piece."

His cherubic face, easy grin and mild-



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Another says it wants you to be "creative"—and gives you a 4-pound rule book telling you exactly how to do it.

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mannered, professorial air still conceal his intellect from casual acquaintances. But a discussion of opera—or early Bing Crosby—will set him off, as will any mention of Augustine, Nixon, Sophocles or the Baltimore Colts. With his wife and three children, he is quite happily settled in a modest home in a Baltimore suburb built largely to the post-war specifications of G.I. loans.

Is journalistic writing enough to satisfy his restless intellect? "Well," says Wills, "not in the sense that I'm going to give up writing about the classics. But many of the best writers in English have been journalists: Dickens, Maugham, Johnson, Mencken, Twain, Mailer. Even today some of the best writing is in journalism—perhaps the best. In a world of specialists, somebody has to be a courier among specialties."

OPINION

Lower Your Voice

President Richard Nixon's inaugural speech, generally considered one of the best of his career, received high marks for empathy with the temper of the nation. It was summed up best by the New York Post's Max Lerner: "Mainly, it fitted in with the mood of the people—far better than most wishful Democrats would agree. What they want most, after all the confrontations and anger and hate, is a quieter breathing spell in which America can catch up with the gains registered on its statute-books and its conscience."

Even the Post's Liberal James Wechsler conceded that "few documents have so effectively achieved their immediate purpose—the temporary political disarmament of many who viewed Nixon's accession with mingled anger and apprehension." As Conservative David Lawrence saw it, the speech was "a timely presentation of thoughts which lie deep in the hearts of the American people." Joseph Kraft, with grudging appreciation, noted that "Mr. Nixon was speaking in homilies. But he had the right homilies for the moment."

Criticism—what there was of it—tended to be muted and a bit oblique. Joseph Alsop viewed the speech as "eloquently phrased, redolent of good intentions, admirably delivered but—to put it very mildly—not enormously informative." Mary McGrory, the Washington Evening Star's sentimental liberal, reproduced a parade-route confrontation between a 60-year-old South Carolina Republican and a "furious youth" with long bleached hair, who ranted on behalf of peace. "I voted for the man who just went by," said the South Carolinian. "He's for peace, too. Didn't you hear his speech?" The boy sneered: "Words, words, words."

Rhetorical Blight. Conservative William F. Buckley, who likes Nixon but loves style, delivered a toast in acid. To him, "the striking passages of his address had to do with the human spirit. These passages he could speak feelingly

because he is the primary American exemplar of the triumph of the human spirit over adversity. The astronauts never had such dark and lonely moments as Nixon had, and out of that experience he fashioned a philosophy which is essentially hopeful." Still, he found banal passages: "We are going to turn our swords into plowshares yes yes yes." Buckley also detected "the rhetorical blight" of Kennedy Speechwriter Ted Sorensen, who, Buckley claimed, first employed "those false antitheses which are substitutes for analytical invigoration: 'We cannot expect to make everyone our friend, but we can try to make no one our enemy' (ho hum)."

Imaginary Dialogue. Among the few who found a light side to the speech was James ("Scotty") Reston, the New

WALTER DENNETT



RESTON

Let the NO COMMENTS be heard.

York Times's executive editor and columnist. He picked the most noted lines of the address, then slipped them into an imaginary dialogue between himself and a Nixon spokesman. Thus:

"How does the press adjust to the new Administration?" we asked.

"Lower your voice," he said.

"How's that?"

"Lower yet. The lower the better."

"I have heard from a well-informed Republican circle that Herbert Brownell is Mr. Nixon's choice to replace Earl Warren."

"Let this message be heard," he replied, "by strong and weak alike: NO COMMENT!"

"I thought we were going forward together," I remarked, "and that in this Administration all lines of communication were going to be open."

"They're open," the man said. "We're communicating. You're asking me about Brownell, and I'm not telling you about Brownell, right?"

"RIGHT!" I said, "YOU'RE DAMN RIGHT!"

"Lower your voice," the man said. "Lower your voice!"



"We know what we want.
When we want it.
And how we want it.
Whether it's
an extra telephone extension
or room service at 3 a.m.
or a medium-rare steak
that's medium-rare.
We want to be
surrounded by people
who are with it.
You'll find us staying
where they are.
The Americana of New York."

Among other things, the Americana of New York is with it with 2,000 rooms and suites, 4 cosmopolitan restaurants, a garage inside the hotel and the Royal Box, where the stars you see are of the first magnitude. All in the most with-it location in New York City today, Seventh Avenue between 52nd & 53rd Streets. Telephone: (212) 581-1000
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THE LAW

TRIALS

Sideshow in New Orleans

New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison withdrew a last-minute motion for a postponement and went ahead last week with the trial of Businessman Clay Shaw on charges of conspiring to kill President John F. Kennedy. Despite the sideshow atmosphere surrounding the case, it could not be ignored. What is really on trial is the Warren Commission Report and its conclusion that Lee Harvey Oswald alone was responsible for the assassination. Any real evidence that Garrison produces to the contrary could shake confidence in the officially accepted version of the Kennedy assassination.

So far, the evidence is as insubstantial as a Louisiana bog. Even so, Garrison is not trying to prove that Shaw murdered the President. In order to establish his case under Louisiana's conspiracy statute, which carries a one-to-20-year sentence, Garrison needs only to show that Shaw joined in a plot to murder Kennedy and that at least one of the plotters took a concrete step toward carrying out the plan. Moreover, state law provides that a majority of nine jurors can convict Shaw; a unanimous vote by all twelve jurors is unnecessary.

Six Acts. As the examination of potential jurors began last week, Garrison Aide James Alcock said that the state would prove that six overt acts took place in the autumn of 1963. He described one of the acts as a meeting in a Baton Rouge hotel, at which Shaw gave money to both Oswald and Jack Ruby, who Garrison believes was in on the plot. Another alleged meeting was between Shaw, Oswald, and a former pilot named David Ferrie (who died in 1967) in Ferrie's New Orleans apartment. Insurance Salesman Perry Raymond Russo, 26, a key prosecution witness, claims to have heard the three men planning the assassination during that meeting.

Garrison, nicknamed the "Jolly Green Giant" not only for his size but also for his erratic behavior, has tried to foster the belief that he has something up his sleeve besides Russo's testimony. He has hinted that Shaw, former head of New Orleans' International Trade Mart and the city's outstanding citizen in 1965, operated under the alias "Clay Bertrand," a familiar name among the city's homosexuals. Garrison has intimated that the C.I.A. was behind the conspiracy—and that Lyndon Johnson was at least aware of the plot.

Different Directions. Before the start of the trial, Garrison sought to subpoena Kennedy's autopsy and X rays from President Johnson's attorney. District of Columbia Judge Charles Halleck ruled that Garrison could not have the material unless he could present other evidence for his theory that the President was

shot at from different directions, and by more than one sniper. The prosecution has also issued subpoenas for such Warren Commission exhibits as Oswald's rifle and Kennedy's clothing—but is unlikely to get them. They have been withheld by presidential order.

After years of circus tactics, he is obviously the main character in the courtroom drama, but Garrison appeared on the stage only briefly in the first week. He sauntered into the courtroom one afternoon, sat down at the prosecution table, then walked out 18 minutes later without having said a word. Garrison,



SHAW LEAVING COURTHOUSE
Evidence as mushy as a bog.

who has kept out of sight for weeks, has rarely tried a case himself as D.A. Chances are that whatever he has up his sleeve, he will leave the courtroom work to the cool, capable Alcock.

Selectivity in Los Angeles

In Los Angeles, lawyers completed the selection of a jury of twelve to try Sirhan Bishara Sirhan for the assassination of Senator Robert Kennedy. Technicians are heavily represented among the eight men and four women chosen. The jury includes two computer programmers, three telephone-company workers, a gas-company employee, a mechanic, a plumber, a high school math teacher, two city water-and-power-department workers and a retail businessman. Seven jurors said they were Republicans and five, Democrats. Four appear to be of Spanish-American ancestry, a group for which Senator Kennedy had a particular concern.

Prosecution lawyers, who often tend to favor stable, relatively affluent jurors, shunned anyone they thought likely to feel undue sympathy for the underdog. While examining jury panel members last week, the state exercised peremptory challenges against the only Negro who had been provisionally seated, against a woman who had worked

with psychiatric patients and against another woman suspected of having anti-air war views.

Though Sirhan is a Palestinian Arab who is known to be strongly anti-Zionist, Defense Attorney Grant Cooper had made no secret of the fact that he wanted a Jewish juror or two, saying: "I find them a very compassionate people." One Jewish juror was chosen, Benjamin Glick, 60, who runs a clothing business. Like the prosecution, the defense had some definite ideas about who would make an unsatisfactory juror. Sirhan's lawyers admitted that they tried to distrust bankers (they are too used to saying "no"), overly beautiful women (too self-centered) and anybody who seems too eager to serve. Accordingly, they turned down the attractive blonde wife of a mortician.

TORTS

Honor on a Ski Lift

One summer afternoon in 1963, a teenage couple boarded a ski lift to survey the view from a peak in New York's Catskill Mountains. After lingering on the mountaintop at the Belleayre Ski Center, 16-year-old Ruth Friedman and her 19-year-old companion, Jack Katz, decided to return. Partway down, the lift suddenly rumbled to a halt. The attendant had presumably closed the lift for the day, and no one heard the couple's shouts.

Since it was 25 feet to the ground, it looked as if Ruth and Jack would be stranded until morning. But Ruth, a Brooklyn girl who had been taught in Orthodox Jewish schools, was sure that a deeply religious issue was at stake. As she later explained in an unusual lawsuit, Ruth felt that her religion forbade her to spend the night alone with a man in a place that was inaccessible to a third person. After some thought, she slid from the chair and plummeted to the mountainside, suffering a fractured nose as well as neck and back injuries.

Claiming that the ski center's negligence was responsible for her injuries, Ruth brought suit against the state, which owns the resort. Rabbi Herschel Small testified that the Talmudic law of *Yichud* did indeed prohibit Ruth from sitting up overnight in the chair alone with young Jack. Last year a jury awarded Ruth \$35,000 in damages and her father \$2,231 for actual medical costs. Ruth married a rabbi after the ski-lift incident, but the marriage has been annulled.

The state is disputing her award in an appeal that will be heard next month. Speaking for Ruth, her attorney noted that though she was "raised in a cloistered religious atmosphere," her "concept of morality was not unique to her. Hopefully, millions of young women in this country have similar views of morality at age 16." Said the state in its brief: "Death above dishonor is admirable. But should that subject a property owner to liability simply because it occurs on his premises?"

Tell someone you like about Lark's Gas-TrapTM filter.

Maybe
you'll really
get a deal.



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Only a fraction is actually "tar" and nicotine.

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gases better than any other filter on any other popular brand, bar none.

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King Size
or new 100's.



MODERN LIVING

Morocco: Sun and Pleasures, Inshallah

ANY moviegoer over the age of 30 has memories of Morocco. Of Humphrey Bogart, explaining his presence in *Casablanca*: "I came for the waters. I was misinformed." Or Gary Cooper as Beau Geste, with ketchup all over his Foreign Legion tunic, dying bravely in defense of the Late Show and his papier-mâché fort. And there were Bing Crosby and Bob Hope, singing as they set out on the road to Dorothy Lamour:

*We certainly do get around,
Like Webster's Dictionary,
We're Mo-roc-co bound.*

So are a lot of people these days. For restless jet-age pleasure seekers, Morocco has become one of the newest and chic-est holiday havens. Tourism was all but nonexistent ten years ago; today it is Morocco's second biggest (after agriculture) and fastest growing industry. During 1969, 650,000 foreign tourists, 50,000 of them Americans, are expected to visit what Moroccans call the "Fortunate Kingdom." Many will come in the summer, when the sun is fiercer. But the big boom is now, in winter. These days, only the lucky find hotel rooms ("We just had to turn Charlie Chaplin away," a clerk at Marrakesh's Mamounia Hotel boasted last month, probably falsely). The rest have to make do with tents, trailers or sleeping bags slung somewhere along Morocco's 1,000 miles of beach. The squeeze in accommodations will be eased by new hotels currently under construction: two motel corporations, Ramada Inns and Holiday Inns, are furiously digging away.

But where to sleep is almost irrelevant. The country is what matters.

Cosmopolitan. Romantics are still drawn by Morocco's legendary reputation as a haunt of smugglers, spies, white slavers, gun runners and bearded bohemians. The country has been occupied at various times in its history by the Phoenicians, the Carthaginians, the Romans, the Portuguese, the Spanish and the French—but it has never been conquered. With a coastline on both the Mediterranean and the Atlantic, it is the westernmost nation in Africa, which may account for the fact that it was the first African state to sign a treaty of friendship with the U.S.—in 1787. And with only the eight-mile-wide Strait of Gibraltar separating it from Europe, its ambience is understandably cosmopolitan.

The French, who spent 44 years trying to remake Moroccans in their image, succeeded in establishing a presence and atmosphere that still linger. They laid railroads and built 133 hospitals, constructed ports and power plants, at one point claimed to be opening a school classroom a day. But the roads led mainly to French industries, and the schools served mostly French children. Independence came in 1956. Now, under hard-working King Hassan II, Moroccans are still poor, but don't whine about it, and show no complex of inferiority. The nation is Arabic, but it permits full freedom of religion and takes a moderate stand in the Arab-Israeli conflict.

In Marrakesh, the 900-year-old "Red City," Winston Churchill spent long

hours painting the vast expanse of date palms against the haunting backdrop of the Atlas Mountains. Now pleasant French *nouvelles riches* wear mink or sable coats as they trip down to the Mamounia Hotel's heated pool.* A few blocks away, in the teeming public square known as Djemaa el Fna, or Assembly of the Dead, reborn Berber men and veiled women chew on fried locusts while they watch snake charmers toy with defanged black cobras, or listen to interminable tales of storytellers perpetuating the tradition of the *Thousand and One Nights*. In Fez, Morocco's ancient center of Islamic culture, the sleek, European-style Merinides Hotel shares a hilltop with the tombs of 14th century sultans. Outside the cities, cars on superhighways rocket past plodding camel caravans and occasional trucks.

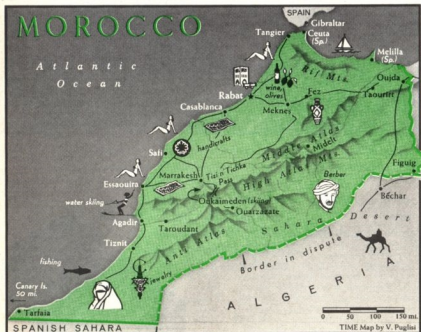
Not-So-Rich. It is not only this cultural confrontation that makes Morocco a favorite winter playground for the rich. It is also the vistas, the warm climate (daytime temperatures rarely dip below 80° except in the mountains and on the coast) and the languid, *inshallah* ("as God wills") pace of life. "It's all very exotic," says Paris Couturier Yves St. Laurent, who has purchased a tiny villa in Marrakesh. "Here I don't work at all, or even think. This is my refuge from the world."

Eugene Paul Getty, son of Oil Billionaire J. Paul Getty, also lives in Marrakesh. Regular Moroccan visitors include Queen Fabiola of Belgium, Baron Guy de Rothschild, Barbara Hutton, Yul Brynner, David Rockefeller, Lee Radziwili, Fiat Boss Gianni Agnelli and author Truman Capote, who advises anyone contemplating a Moroccan trip to "have yourself vaccinated against typhoid, liquidate your bank account, and say goodbye to your friends. God knows when you will see them again."

But there are also the not-so-rich. Lydia Bach, a blonde, 27-year-old language teacher from Decatur, Ill., and Mary Jo Ostrom, 29, a fashion illustrator from nearby Galesburg, have vacationed together in southern Morocco for six years; they deliberately travel around Marrakesh in filthy old market buses rather than tourist coaches, "to be with the people" as well as to save money. At the bottom of this season's tourist barrel is a colony of about 270 U.S. and Canadian hippies who are living in sleazy abandon in Marrakesh's *medina*, or "old city," on 50¢ a day.

Keffa Lunch. "The hippies come here for the pot, of course," says a young visitor from New York—and indeed Morocco is a hashhead's delight. *Kif*, raw leaf marijuana, is openly (although illegally) sold for \$4.50 a pound and widely smoked in public in clay pipes that can be bought for 10¢ a dozen in any *souk*, or shop. With or without the as-

* The Mamounia can be provincial. Minor annoyances: guests are not permitted to go from room to pool in bathing or beach clothes, and there are never enough beach chairs.



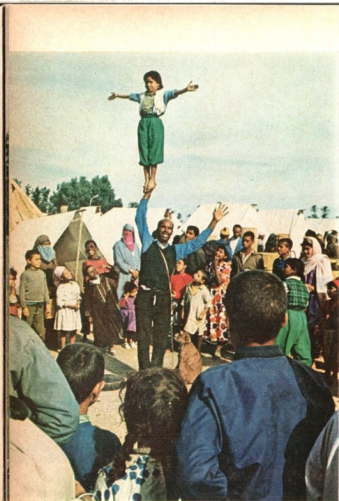


The snow-covered peaks of Morocco's Atlas Mountains soar out of the desert surrounding the oasis of Ouarzazate, celebrated as the gateway to the Sahara.

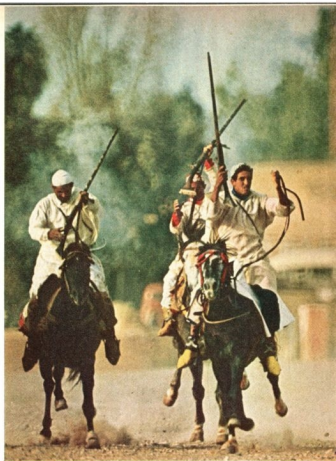
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY OSWALD GIGLI

Sunlight slants through a latticed arcade of a market in Marrakesh. The ancient city is the historic pivot for the desert and mountain tribes of Southern Morocco.





Father holds his daughter aloft as a family of acrobats puts on a performance for an audience at the Souk el Khemis (Thursday Market) outside Marrakesh's city walls.



To celebrate religious festivals and national holidays, Marrakesh horsemen stage a spectacular "fantasia," whooping shrilly and firing blanks from flintlock weapons.



French Lawyer Michel Sorlin and his wife Cynthia sip green-mint tea at the Ksar el Hamra restaurant in the medina of Marrakesh, as Berber folk musicians perform.



Brass cups dangling around his neck, a water vendor pours for a customer at a country marketplace.



Beside the pool at the Mamounia Hotel in Marrakesh, a favorite of the late Winston Churchill's, two American (but Paris-based) girls take lunch while on

their sixth vacation trip to Morocco. The country has become an increasingly popular winter resort for chic Europeans seeking escape from northern cold.



A servant carries a breakfast tray through the main salon of Taroudant's ultraexclusive La Gazelle d'Or, a hotel patronized by many jet-setters.



Guests at the Club Méditerranée's hotel in Ouargazate sip mint tea. Outside is the old Casbah of Taourirt, whose battlements are lapped by the Sahara's shifting dunes.



Tourists shop in a Fez bazaar, one of several old mansions now transformed into stores in this most classically Moorish of all Moroccan cities.

The walled city of Taroudant, which is at least 1,000 years old, is set among orange, lemon and palm trees in the coastal foothills of the Atlas range.





A svelte model displays a colorful modern version of the traditional caftan at the palace of Pasha Tazi in Rabat.

An old man scurries through Rabat's Hassan mosque, a 12th century building destroyed in the earthquakes of 1755.



sistance of *kif*, Morocco is a delight. In winter, a venturesome visitor can swim in the morning off the beach at Essaouira on the Atlantic, lunch on *kefta* (skewered minced steak with herbs) in Marrakesh, and ski the afternoon away at Oukaïmeden in the High Atlas Mountains. He can be back in Marrakesh in plenty of time to catch the show at Ksar el Hamra (the Red House) and dine on magnificent *bstilla* (a flaky, cinnamon-sprinkled pie stuffed with pigeon livers and eggs). He can accompany this with a bottle of Boulaouane rosé, or any one of several inexpensive Moroccan red wines. (They are far superior to their middle-class French cousins and deserve to be exported.)

Nongastronomic tourists may settle for sightseeing: hiring a car and guide (average rate: \$25 a day) to visit the ancient walled city of Taroudant with its elegant Moorish Dar Baroud Palace, or crossing over the Tizi n'Tichka pass, a three-hour drive from Marrakesh, into the picturesque "casbah country" with its fortified villages built of clay that melts like chocolate in a heavy rain. Or they may spend the day shopping in the *souks* of Fez or Marrakesh, haggling for bargains in brightly patterned Moroccan rugs, ornate silver jewelry or silk brocade caftans—the flowing, T-shaped garment traditionally worn by Moroccan women relaxing at home.

Dancing Girls, Fat. For total relaxation, few hotels in the world can compare with La Gazelle d'Or in Taroudant, where seclusion and discretion are maintained with almost maniacal determination. At \$30 a day per person, a maximum of 40 guests sleep in cottages covered with bougainvillea and liana and surrounded by vegetation so dense that it is impossible to see from one cottage to the next. There are no radios at La Gazelle d'Or, no television sets; phones can be switched off, and the only prod to physical activity is a swimming pool—unheated. Compare that with the kind of activity available at the Club Méditerranée's 650-guest "vacation village," 45 miles away at Agadir on the Atlantic. "You name it, we do it," says Manageress Marcelle Fayt. "Sailing, riding, tennis, yoga, judo, camel riding, Scrabble, swimming, sunning, pingpong, desert safaris, deep-sea fishing, drinking, eating, kissing and frugging." All in two weeks, for \$240 a person, including round-trip air fare from Paris.

For all the possible pleasures of a holiday in Morocco, some Americans may be disappointed. The fabled beauty of its dancing girls is mostly that—a fable; the "girls" are often fat, old, ugly and gold-toothed. Architecture buffs, searching for prime Moorish specimens, would probably be better off in Spain. Moroccan architectural wonders tend to be small except for the mosques, which non-Muslims are forbidden to enter. Transportation in Morocco, other than by car or bus, is a problem: trains are notoriously slow; intercity plane service is sporadic. But the biggest problem, for Americans, is getting

to Morocco in the first place. Pan American flies nonstop from New York to Rabat, the capital, only once a week. All other roads to Morocco detour through Paris, Lisbon or Madrid. Which is just fine, as far as tourists who have already discovered Morocco are concerned. Says Cynthia Sorlin, wife of a French attorney and old North African hand: "The time to be here is now—before the mob arrives." It will be arriving soon.

FASHION

At Last, the Mable

In the realm of fur, sable reigns while mink merely serves (albeit nicely). A sable coat costs about \$15,000; a good mink runs around \$6,000. Still, mink has qualities that no other fur can match.



PIAMPPIANO WITH MUTANT MINK

Breed born of frustration.

It is sleek and lightweight, lustrous and warm. "You can do anything with mink because it handles as easily as cloth," says Ernest Graf, executive vice president of Ben Kahn Furs Corp. "Mink is durable. Mink is beautiful."

For years, fur animal breeders have wanted to combine the practical qualities of mink with the lush fullness of sable. The goal has now been reached; next month a brand-new variety of sable-like mink goes on the market. Called "Kojah" for reasons best understood by the trade (although the name does have a bit more class than "mable" or "sink"), the fur is much thicker and softer than conventional mink and less bulky than sable.

Founding Father. The new breed was born of frustration. In 1945, a group of Midwestern mink ranchers and businessmen decided to try to start a sable industry in the U.S. Since all the best sables were in the Soviet Union, the group offered to swap live American mink for live Soviet sable. Their Russian counterparts agreed and the animals were exchanged. Though the sa-

bles arrived in fine health, there was a rather serious problem: all the males had been castrated.

In retaliation, the Americans toyed with the notion of sneaking into the sable grounds of Russia's Baikal region and doing a bit of poaching. They even went so far as to pick a leader for the expedition: a much-decorated Army lieutenant colonel named Carl Piampiano. The harebrained scheme never materialized, but Piampiano was by then intrigued with the mink business and bought himself a ranch in Zion, Ill.

Buyers would stop at the farm and say, "Your pelts have quality, Carl, but they lack size." Mulling over this, Piampiano remembered a friendly Indian guide in northern Canada who had boasted of catching rare, big, square-nosed, smooth-haired mink. He wrote

DAVID KAHN



"KOJAH" OVER SABLE PELT

to the guide, looking for one of the brutes. Two years later, in 1951, "Big Boy" arrived in Zion and became founding father of a new breed.

Well-Invested. Piampiano carefully bred Big Boy to his conventional mink, anxiously watched for large, square-nosed offspring. It took twelve years to produce 13 such mutants. Finally the breed began to multiply as nicely as well-invested money. Piampiano franchised 22 top mink ranchers to raise the new minks.

Some 5,000 pelts are now ready to go before the auctioneer in New York. While conventional mink skins average about \$35 apiece, fur experts figure that the new pelts will sell for as much as \$2,000 each. This means that the first mable coats, made up of some 50 skins, will cost \$150,000 or more. Piampiano hopes that his partners will produce 35,000 pelts in 1970 and eventually reach 100,000 pelts annually—hardly a dent in the 7,000,000 mink skins on the U.S. market last year, but enough to bring the price per coat down to a less incredible \$15,000.

Pass. And be forgotten with the rest.

The fact that more than 55,000 people a year die in highway crashes is tragic. The fact that people forget those "accidents" afterward is stupid.

And yet, that's just what we do. We take the bodies to the morgue, haul away the wreckage and then go home to forget. And, in the process, we ignore the fact that something caused the crash, and soon arrive at the incorrect and dangerous assumption that "accidents just happen."

That's why we shouldn't forget car crashes. We should study them. We should investigate fatal crashes as thoroughly as we investigate homicides. So we can learn the causes. And so we can find new and better ways of preventing them.

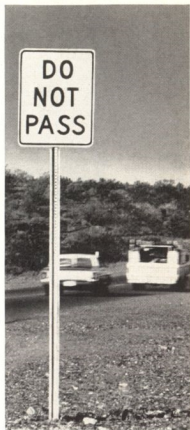
Unfortunately, correlating the leading causes of crashes on a nation-wide basis isn't as easy as it sounds. Not only does it involve hours, perhaps days, of meticulous searching on the part of investigators; but, considered on the basis of more than 55,000 traffic accident

fatalities a year in this country, it also presents an incredibly large amount of information to be studied.

It's a big job, but a crucially important one. So important that it's one of the top priorities in the National Highway Safety Bureau's sixteen-step safety plan. A plan which will provide, for the first time, a standard blueprint for each state to follow in its efforts to reduce the slaughter on our highways.

The Safety Bureau proposes the use of modern, electronic data processing systems to record all of our nation's highway accident facts. What's more, they also propose the integration of these facts with other pertinent information including records of individual drivers, records of vehicle data and highway data taken on a mile-by-mile basis.

Then, using high-speed data processing equipment to analyze this information, experts can determine the causes of crashes. On a nation-wide basis, we'd be able to spot the dangerous drivers, dangerous cars, dangerous high-



ways and, most important, the dangerous trends.

With this information in the right hands, we'd be able to correct the causes of accidents. And these corrections would lead to a significant decrease in the highway death toll.

We at State Farm strongly endorse the state and federal efforts to implement this nation-wide system of records. And we urge you to also support these efforts.

So that someday, these cold, lifeless statistics might keep you from becoming a cold, lifeless statistic.

Somebody is doing something.

State Farm Mutual
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RELIGION

ROMAN CATHOLICS

Hungarian Dance

Since the Communist takeover of Eastern Europe after World War II, the Vatican has sought—largely in vain—to anchor the rights of Roman Catholics in Iron Curtain countries through protocol and concordat. Only lately has the realization seeped in that written agreements with Communist countries are the start, not the finish, of diplomacy—and that painful compromises are part of a tough bargain. Four years ago, the Holy See announced an elaborate formal agreement with Hungary that was supposed to mark the beginning of toleration for the country's 7,000,000 Catholics. But priests remained jailed, and episcopal appointments remained obstructed. Only last week, as a result of months of quiet negotiating (and Hungary's embarrassment over its support of the Czech invasion), did the agreement begin to bear some small fruit.

The evidence of progress—it could hardly be called a breakthrough—was the appointment by the Vatican of five new bishops and five new apostolic administrators to Hungarian sees. Under terms of the 1964 agreement, the Hungarian government must approve such appointments, and the matter had long been stalled in frustrating discussions between the Vatican and the regime of Party Chief János Kádár. In the style of such negotiations, the outcome was no clear-cut victory for anyone, but more of an elaborate Hungarian folk dance, in which at least one prominent step must be to the left.

Price to Pay. The leftward step seemed to be the naming of Father György Zemplén, 63, as auxiliary bishop to the apostolic administrator of Esztergom. Esztergom, which includes part of Budapest, is the old metropolitan see of József Cardinal Mindszenty, now largely ignored in his self-imposed exile at the U.S. embassy—and Zemplén is known to have friendly relations with the Kádár government.

Obviously, the Vatican felt that the Zemplén appointment was part of the price it had to pay for a greater episcopal presence in Hungary. What this presence means is a more visible church, hopeful of inspiring confidence, in a Communist country where other signs of the faith are rigidly limited. Religious education remains severely circumscribed, and even the appointment of parish priests is still subject to the approval of the government.

The inch of progress is an accurate measure of what the Vatican has tried to accomplish in other areas of Eastern Europe. It is the sort of *modus vivendi* that has been the aim of Monsignor Agostino Casaroli, a veteran church diplomat, who over the past few years has been in charge of negotiations with the Communists. Not all of Casaroli's Vat-



CASAROLI
Progress—by the inch.

ican colleagues feel that his pursuit of compromise has won more than it has given away, though there is little question that liberalization in Czechoslovakia and recognition in Hungary have improved Catholic status.

CHRISTIANITY

Beyond Bingo

Except for Bingo and the Roman soldiers who cast lots for the robe of Jesus, games have never had much to do with religion. Until now. Family-game players who have tired of re-fighting the battle of Gettysburg and advancing to "Go (Collect \$200)" can now trek right along with St. Paul or race each other through the Christian calendar.

In a spiritually adventurous mood, the Avalon Hill Co. of Baltimore, manufacturers of a variety of games, brought the religious games out before last Christmas. One, called *Journeys of St. Paul*, retraces the apostle's odyssey from the road to Damascus, where he was converted, to Rome. By rolling dice, a player advances a statuette of Paul to the same cities in which the disciple had preached. For example, snake eyes, or a roll of two, can carry Paul from Thessalonica to Berea, cities he visited during his second missionary journey. The object of the game is to be the first to get Paul to Rome—even though, once there, the winner can consider himself beheaded, as, according to tradition, Paul was.

The other Avalon game, entitled *Year of the Lord*, is based on the seasons of the Christian calendar. Or, as the instructions feverishly

explain, "The church goes through the whole life of Christ once a year. This makes a swell racetrack for a game, through Advent into Christmas, off again to Epiphany, around the corner to Holy Week and Easter, and finally, circle the board to Pentecost."

Who Is Barabbas? Selling bigger is the Ten Commandments Bible Game, by Cadaco, Inc., of Chicago. Equipment includes a board map of the Holy Land, cards quoting the Commandments, and disks representing pieces of silver and harvest baskets of grain, fish, olives and grapes. To win, a player must collect all Ten Commandments by completing various Good Samaritan acts. Cadaco has sold about 600,000 of the games. And then there is Bible Bowling, in which marbles are rolled down a miniature bowling alley into holes. Depending on what hole the marble lands in, a card is selected by the bowler, who must answer a biblical question to score points. Sample card: "For six pinn on your first ball, who is Barabbas?"

Thomas Shaw, a Lutheran and Avalon's marketing director, piously posits that "religion is in such a state that people will welcome anything to get back to the Bible." Cadaco's executive vice president, Douglas Bolton, believes that "during times of national stress, there is an upsurge in quasi-religious activities." At any rate, the possibilities of additional religious games are intriguing. There might be Inquisition, for instance, in which the loser would go directly to hell and bypass purgatory. Or, in a more contemporary vein, there might be Vatican Council ("Don't Cross Ottaviani") or Encyclical ("Congratulations! You have planned your family well and are entitled to one bonus baby!").



JOURNEYS OF ST. PAUL GAME BOARD
The winner can consider himself beheaded.

TELEVISION & RADIO

THE INDUSTRY

Standings

The competition for primacy among the TV networks may not be as exciting as the Super Bowl or the Powder Puff Derby. But over the years it has drawn a substantial crowd of fans who follow the record books. The latest figures are now in:

► After years of trying, NBC has finally nosed ahead of CBS in the national Nielsen ratings. The October-December, or "first-season," standings: NBC, 20.0; CBS, 19.6; ABC, 15.6.*

► NBC also scored 1968's biggest gain in advertising revenues, climbing 9.8% to \$549,501,900. CBS still held the overall lead in Broadcast Advertisers Reports billings, however, with \$580,205,700 (down .2%).

► Of the five top Nielsen-rated shows of the current season, three were NBC's. The ranking: 1) *Rowan and Martin's Laugh-In* (NBC), 2) *Mayberry, R.F.D.* (CBS), 3) *Gomer Pyle—U.S.M.C.* (CBS), 4) *Bonanza* (NBC), 5) *Julia* (NBC).

► In the ratings race among entertainment specials, NBC won four of the first five places: 1) Bob Hope's December show (NBC), 2) Elvis Presley (NBC), 3) *Heidi* (NBC), 4) Bob Hope's October show (NBC), 5) the Charlie Brown Halloween show (CBS).

The ascendancy of color over black-and-white TV has now been established. Last year, for the first time, Americans bought more color-TV sets (5,800,000) than black-and-white (5,500,000), bringing the total of color-owning households to 19 million, or one out of every three in the U.S. Those homes, according to Nielsen, tune in an extra 42 minutes a day. The national average in 1968: 5 hours and 46 minutes.

DISK JOCKEYS

Howard Power

For weeks, the come-on ads for Disk Jockey Howard Miller's new radio show reverberated over Chicago's WCFL: "Howard Power! Howard Power! Howard Power!" Massed choruses sang *God Bless America* as Miller earnestly avowed: "I'm proud to be a flag waver! And I'll be waving it plenty every morning. You will find me ready, hard-hitting with truth and justice." In a full-page, flag-bedecked newspaper ad, Miller pledged his allegiance to the Stars and Stripes, the President, servicemen, policemen and firemen. Miller's No. 1 fan, Mayor Richard Daley, delivered a testimonial on the air, and congratulatory telegrams and flowers poured into the station. More important, listeners

began tuning in: since Miller made his debut in October, WCFL's morning ratings have jumped from ninth place to second in the fiercely competitive 24-station Chicago market. Miller now has 15% of the morning audience, and is closing fast on WGN's low-keyed, folksy Wally Phillips (17%).

For Miller, the climb was especially reassuring: the show ends his exile from the air for his rightist views. For 15 years, on other stations, he had been the most popular radio disk jockey in the Midwest. Then one morning ten months ago, four days after Martin Luther King Jr. was shot, Miller began talking about the post-assassination rioting



MILLER ON THE AIR
Plenty of conflict, plenty of interest.

on Chicago's West Side. On his top-rated WIND show, he declared that there should be a day of tribute for "our brave policemen and firemen." Then, noting an inflammatory—and, it developed, totally false—report that 3,000 rioters were planning to storm the Chicago Avenue Armory, he said, "Do you want to bet?"

Hot Barrage. Besieged by irate telephone calls, the station decided Miller's right-wing opinions might escalate tensions, and it immediately pulled Miller off the air until the "whole thing died down." That only brought an even hotter barrage of pro-Miller calls, and the station was forced to close down its switchboard and post police outside the studios. Housewives picketed the station. The Greater Chicago Police Association reacted by naming Miller their Man of the Year.

Miller retreated to his 160-acre farm in suburban Barrington with his third wife, Nola. He claimed that the "traumatic shock" had caused him to lose 26 lbs. in two weeks, and sued WIND

for \$5,000,000 for "trying to kill me as a performer." The suit was settled out of court in August. To the surprise of many of his listeners, Miller then joined liberal-leaning WCFL, a station owned by the Chicago Federation of Labor. Ex-plained Station Manager Lou Witz: "We feel a conflict of opinions gives more interest to the station."

Radical Fringe. Miller certainly provides plenty of conflict. In a typical hour of programming, he devotes 30 minutes to standard middle-of-the-road pop music: a Frank Sinatra ballad, a Lawrence Welk instrumental and, again and again, Andy Williams singing *Battle Hymn of the Republic*. Sixteen minutes is given over to smoothly delivered commercials, five minutes to news, and nine minutes to "commentaries on our times." Samples:

► On law and order: "I don't agree there's a civil war in this country between blacks and whites. I think there's a great civil war between the lawbreakers and the law-abiders."

► On Satirist Mort Sahl: "Along with the Smothers Brothers and Rowan and Martin, he is part of that radical fringe who try to tear down American decency and Democracy."

► On Students for a Democratic Society: "S.D.S. is the youth arm of the Communist Party. They've never taken a stand for something positive. They are a destructive type of apparatus."

► On the Walker Report, which accused Daley's police of "unrestrained and indiscriminate violence" during the Chicago riots: "I reject it completely. The entire police department stands indicted, held up to ridicule because of one man's opinion. The police are innocent until proven guilty. For all I know, it's just a bunch of riffraff who've accused the police."

► On Socialists: "If socialism is so great, why do they keep living in this country?" He added that if the Socialists did not like it in the U.S., he would gladly pay to send a boatload of them to Cuba or Russia.

► On school bussing: "Let the black woman that covets my school come live next door to my school."

Off the air, Miller explains that "I've seen a gradual erosion of patriotism over the years; the more that people went to one direction, the more I went in the other because I felt there was a need." Lately, Miller has also developed a need to satisfy what he calls his "hunger for immortality." These days, the jam-packed crowds and standing ovations for his frequent lectures before police and P.T.A. groups only intensify that hunger. Accordingly, Miller, 54, plans to run for the presidency of the Cook County Board in 1970, an office that is not only powerful in patronage but a proven springboard to the Governor's mansion. Since his growing audience already numbers more than a million in the Chicago area, he can hardly be blamed for believing in political "Howard Power."

* Meaning that NBC was being watched by 20%, CBS by 19.6% and ABC by 15.6% of the television-owning households during prime time, 7:30 p.m. to 11 p.m.

The future is a child.



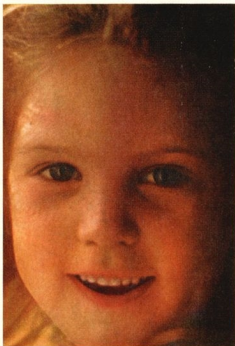
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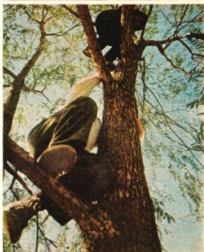
But our business—and our interest in your world—goes a lot deeper than that. When you live a better life, earn more money, feel more secure—so do we.

And so we work with you, the public—and with civic leaders, planners, conservationists, educators, other businessmen to help improve life for the communities we live in.

That's one of the great things about free enterprise in the electric light and power industry: we know that whatever we do to make life better for people will finally make our business better, too.

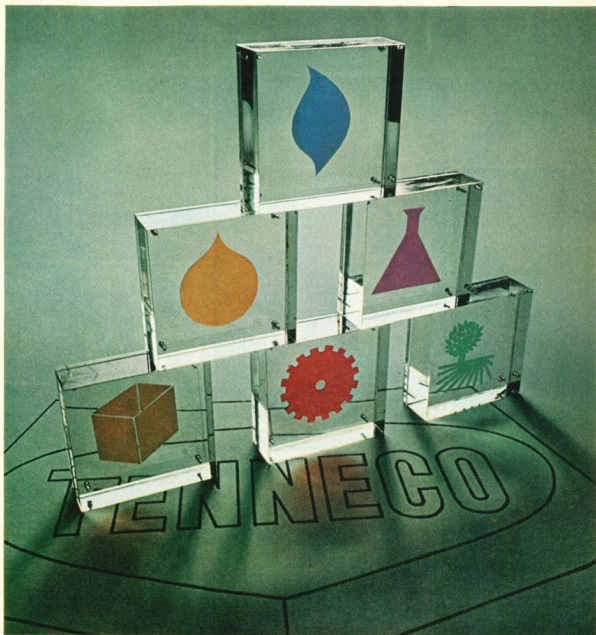


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HOUSTON, TEXAS

The Black and the Jew: A Falling Out of Allies

THE Jew and the Negro would seem to have a great deal in common—in some ways more than America's other minorities. They share a tragic past, part of which is a history of persecution at the hands of a white Christian majority. As the traditional outsider, the Jew can feel a special sympathy for other outsiders. His skin is white, and if he wishes he can become assimilated as no black man can. But the Jew, too, has at times known a sense of separateness and racial difference that could be as marked as a dark skin. Thus, theoretically, the black and the Jew are spiritual allies—or should be.

But while there is much that binds these two peoples, there is also much that keeps them apart. On the scale of achievement in the U.S., the Jews rank as the most successful minority, the blacks as the least. Increasingly aware of this disparity, the U.S. Negro has come to view it with envy and hostility. Tragically, the alliance of black and Jew is beginning to dissolve.

Many blacks think that they must now reject all of their white friends—the Jew among them—in order to discover themselves. As a result, an ominous current of anti-Semitism has appeared to widen the breach between them and the Jew. While this ancient virus infects only a small fraction of the country's 22 million Negroes, the Jew knows from bitter experience that it can spread with distressing rapidity. At the same time, some latent anti-black feelings have come to the fore

among Jews—symbolized by the half-casual, half-contemptuous Yiddish reference to the "schvartzes" (blacks).

New York City has become the center of black anti-Semitism, although it exists in almost every urban center where large communities of Negroes and Jews intermingle. New York has more Jews (1.8 million) and more blacks (1.5 million) than any other city in the world. The predominantly Negro areas of Harlem and Brooklyn's Ocean Hill-Brownsville were once solidly Jewish; now the Jewish presence is signified by absentee storekeepers and landlords who, fairly or not, are regarded by the Negro as colonial exploiters. More often than not, the black child is taught—in a crumbling, inadequate public school—by a Jewish teacher. More often than not, the hated neighborhood welfare center, to the black a symbol of indifference, domineering white bureaucracy, is staffed by Jewish social workers. "If you happen to be an uneducated, poorly trained Negro living in the ghetto," says Bayard Rustin, executive director of the A. Philip Randolph Institute, "you see only four kinds of white people—the policeman, the businessman, the teacher and the welfare worker. In many cities, three of those four are Jewish."

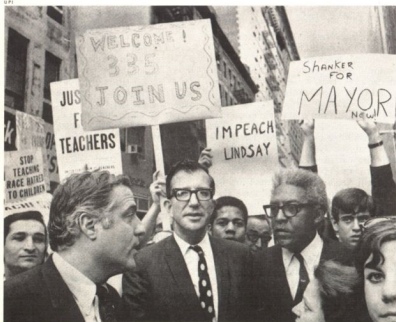
Battle over Schools

Tensions between blacks and Jews have simmered under the surface for years, but they broke into the open with the recent battle over the decentralization project in the Ocean Hill-

Brownsville school district. Financed in part by the Ford Foundation, the experiment gave a community-elected neighborhood board and its Negro administrator, Rhody McCoy, a measure of local control over policies in the area's eight schools. The project was opposed by the predominantly Jewish United Federation of Teachers, which feared that decentralization, if applied to the entire system, would destroy the union's bargaining power.

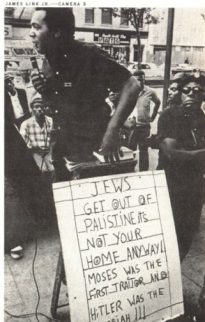
After the black local governing board ousted ten teachers accused of sabotaging the project, the U.F.T. stayed out of the schools for 36 days in three separate city-wide walkouts. What began as a contest for power ended in an exchange of racist epithets. Negro parents denounced the striking teachers as "Jew pigs." The teachers' union charged that Ocean Hill-Brownsville militants were "black Nazis"—and printed anti-Semitic materials that were supposedly being distributed in the area's schools.

Although the strike is over, tensions have not eased at all. Last week a special committee on racial and religious prejudice, appointed by Mayor John Lindsay and headed by former State Supreme Court Justice Bernard Botein, reported that "an appalling amount of racial prejudice—black and white—surfaced in and about the school controversy. The anti-white prejudice has a dangerous component of anti-Semitism." Similarly, the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith warned that "undisguised anti-Semitism is at a crisis



SHANKER & RUSTIN WITH U.F.T. TEACHERS

Singled out as a symbol of aggression because they are the most highly visible and most immediately available white persons.



BLACK MILITANTS IN HARLEM

level in New York City schools where, unchecked by public authority, it has been building for more than two years."

In an atmosphere of mutual antagonism, provocations have multiplied. Almost every week brings a new incident. Over radio station WBAL-FM, a Negro schoolteacher named Leslie Campbell recently read a poem dedicated to Albert Shanker, the Jewish president of the U.F.T. It began: "Hey, Jew boy, with that yarmulke on your head. / You pale-faced Jew boy—I wish you were dead." The teachers' union has filed a formal protest with the Federal Communications Commission.

More recently, civic tempers flared over the catalogue for the Metropolitan Museum of Art's new photographic exhibit called "Harlem on My Mind" (TIME, Jan. 24). The introduction, writ-

ing of blacks] the way Hitler made Germany Judenrein. One member of the school's board shouted that "we should go down there and throw the blacks out." Speaking for the American Jewish Committee, Rabbi Marc Tanenbaum has solemnly warned: "We put black racists on notice that we are determined to use every legal means to let no one get away with any efforts to inflict pain or suffering on any Jewish person." In the current issue of *Commentary*, Earl Raab, executive director of the Jewish Community Relations Council in San Francisco, argues that the black-white confrontation in America raises anew "the Jewish question"—the place of Jews in a secular democratic society. "The Jewish question is alive again because the American political structure and its traditional coalitions are in naked tran-

The black-Jewish confrontation may be only a subconflict in the larger hostilities between black and white. But the significance of the problem is profound. U.S. democracy is based in part on its willingness to accommodate a wide and sometimes mettlesome variety of religious and ethnic patterns. If these two minorities, black and Jew—each with its distinctive and essential contributions to American society—cannot get along, then the viability of the American experiment in pluralism is thrown into doubt. Thus, the conflict takes on symbolic values far more threatening than its actual substance.

The Roots in Religion

Still, black leaders reluctantly concede that anti-Semitism does exist in the Negro community. More than that, historians and sociologists have ample evidence that it has existed—sometimes on the surface, more often beneath it—since Jews and Negroes first came in contact with each other in the cities of the North. This confrontation took place shortly after World War I, when Southern Negroes began to move out of the plantation fields and into urban life. More often than not, they settled in predominantly Jewish areas—partly because ghetto rents were cheap, partly because Jews were much less resistant to racial infiltration than other ethnic immigrant groups. In Chicago, for example, Negroes have all but taken over neighborhoods that were formerly Jewish—but have yet to make a dent in predominantly Czech, Polish and Ukrainian communities.

Many of these Southern blacks had a fundamentalist Christian background. As songs like *Go Down, Moses* suggest, the Negro tended to identify with Judaism's struggle for freedom as portrayed in the Old Testament. Yet, like many conservative white Protestants, he was taught to scorn Jews as a people cursed by deicide. "All of us black people who lived in the neighborhood hated Jews," recalled the late Novelist Richard Wright, writing of his Southern boyhood in *Black Boy*, "not because they exploited us, but because we had been taught at home and in Sunday school that Jews were 'Christ killers.' We black children—seven, eight and nine years of age—used to run to the Jew's store and shout: 'Jew, Jew, Jew, what do you chew?'"

This heritage of religion-bred hatred was augmented by economic resentment. The Jews not only lived in the ghetto, but were its landlords and shopkeepers; whatever their background, landlords and shopkeepers will often be guilty of rent gouging, overpricing and selling shoddy merchandise. In his now-classic study of Chicago's Negro ghetto, *Black Metropolis*, Sociologist St. Clair Drake points out that as early as 1938 the area was seething with anti-Semitic resentment of Jewish merchants, who then owned three-fourths of the neighborhood stores. "As the most highly visible and most immediately available



JEWISH-OWNED STORE IN DETROIT GHETTO
Different kind of ethos, different kind of hope.

ten by a 16-year-old Negro schoolgirl, reads in part: "Behind every hurdle that the Afro-American has yet to jump stands the Jew who has already cleared it. Jewish shopkeepers are the only remaining 'survivors' in the expanding black ghettos. The lack of competition allows the already exploited black to be further exploited by Jews." Mayor Lindsay quickly denounced the catalogue as another example of racism, and the embarrassed museum hastened to add an insert disclaiming bias.*

In light of Judaism's centuries-long experience of persecution, it is not surprising that some of the reactions to anti-Jewish statements made by black leaders have verged on hysteria. When students—led, ironically, by a Black Jew who once attended Hebrew teacher's college—recently held a sit-in at Brandeis University in Waltham, Mass., a Jewish leader in the area suggested that "Brandeis should be made *Schwarzenrein* [free

sition," writes Raab. "The common democratic commitment trembles."

Political Scientist Leonard Fein of Boston's Joint Center for Urban Studies believes that some Jews have responded to anti-Semitism in a slightly paranoid manner—although, he adds, "we come by our paranoia honestly." By and large, Negro moderates argue that Jews have over-reacted. They contend that the Negroes' real quarrel is with the racism of white society as a whole. Thus in New York the Jew is singled out as a visible symbol of oppression; but in New Orleans, the black's natural "enemy" is the Italian bourgeoisie, which predominates among ghetto store owners, and in San Francisco it is frequently the Japanese-American community.

Martin Open of Boston's New Urban League argues that Jewish leaders have exaggerated anti-Semitism as a means of re-identifying Jewishness. "I charge that Jewish religious and lay leaders have in fact fanned the fires of dormant anti-Semitism in this country as a means of establishing a rebirth of Jewish awareness, identity and unity."

* The exhibit was also picketed by Negroes who charged that it depicted only "the white man's distorted, irrelevant and insulting" view of Harlem.

white persons in the community," he wrote, "Jewish merchants tend to become the symbol of the Negroes' verbal attack on all white businessmen."

So strongly is the Jew identified with the merchant image that Negroes frequently use anti-Semitic epithets in referring to ghetto businessmen who are unmistakably not Jewish. A Negro will frequently refer to his "Jew landlord" even though the man's name may be O'Reilly, Karwolski or Santangelo. In black areas of Detroit, white storekeepers are often called "Goldberg," even though many shops are owned by Iraqis and Syrians. And a Cadillac, even if it is owned by a wealthy Negro, is still known as a "Jew canoe."

Another source of black anti-Semitism is the fact that the Jew is clearly different from other whites, with his proud heritage of a particular religion, culture and language. The Jew, moreover, had an entirely different kind of ethos—a powerful family bond, a tradition of faith in education—and a different kind of hope. He could aspire to follow in the footsteps of the Irish, the Italian and the German immigrant, who had preceded him out of the ghetto into middle-class success. Because of his color, the black man had no such expectation.

Black dislike of the Jew was intensified by a large measure of envy, complicated by admiration and even a bit of love. Negro Theologian C. Eric Lincoln points out that the Jew looms large in black "vocal folklore," not as a figure of hatred but as a kindly foil who is something of a buffer between white Christians and the Negro. He contends that there are countless Negro jokes in which "John Henry" and "Mr. Goldberg" conspire to outwit "Mr. Charley."

Frequently the Jew has been held up by the Negro as a model of hard work and group solidarity. Says Rustin: "Many a black mother will say, to her son, 'Look at that Jew. Why don't you study the way he does and get ahead instead of dropping out of school?'" A 1964 study of Negro attitudes by the University of California Survey Research Center indicated that blacks in general were more favorably disposed to Jews than were white gentiles, and more inclined to reject stereotypes of the Jew as "clannish" or "conspiratorial." Sociologist Drake notes this feeling of ambivalence: "You hear comments 'that among Jews you find your best friends and your best enemies.'"

When Love Turns to Rage

Unquestionably, the anti-Semitic remarks now being spewed out by Negroes are different in mood and intent from the casual insults of the past. One reason for the changing quality of black bigotry is the changed relationship of the Negro to the ghetto. Another is the shift that has taken place within the civil rights movement, which now excludes the Jews who helped create it.

Until a decade ago, the Negro could still regard the Jew as a fellow victim

of white society. Now there is a widespread feeling that the oppressed has become the oppressor, and that the Jew has become part of the white Establishment. "The mood of the black ghetto is that the dominant WASP gave the Negro franchise to the Jewish community," says Daniel Watts, editor of the radical monthly *Liberator*. In light of their past brotherhood, the Negro is all the more outraged by what he feels is the betrayal by the Jew. "We expect more of him, and when it's not forthcoming that love turns to rage," says Watts. "The Jew has been a hypocrite. The liberal Jew has been in the forefront telling the South to integrate, while he lived in lily-white communities in the North. That hurts more than a Wallace, who is at least honest."

Filling a Psychic Need

At the same time, the black understands all too well that the Jew has not yet been totally accepted by white Christian society—which makes him a convenient scapegoat. After all, it is a role that he has played throughout history. "He is still insecure about his place in American society," suggests Psychiatrist Jack Morganstern of U.C.L.A. "You hit him and he's going to hesitate about hitting you back." Historian Joseph Boskin of the University of Southern California points out that the Jewish sense of liberalism and fair play sometimes borders on masochism. "If you have a fair-housing march through a white neighborhood," he says, "the Negroes will have their heads torn off. If they go through a Jewish neighborhood, half the population will be joining in, and the other half will be falling on the ground flagellating themselves." Selecting the Jew as a scapegoat fills an important psychic need for the black. To bait the Jew is to claim superiority to the Jew—and to identify with a white community that still contains elements of anti-Semitism.

The Jew, argues Bayard Rustin, is the victim of the Negro's love-hate syndrome; the black man tends to vent his anger and frustration on those who have helped him most. The Jew has contributed far more to the cause of civil rights than the gentile. Partly, Jewish liberalism toward the Negro was a product of self-interest: if the Negro could be repressed, then so could Jews. But the Jewish willingness to help others also stems from the abiding generosity of the Hebrew religious tradition—though less well-off Jews sometimes feel far too threatened to share such altruistic sentiments. Jewish philanthropists were among the whites who helped Negro leaders establish the N.A.A.C.P. and the Urban League. The honor roll of CORE and S.N.C.C. martyrs includes the names of Michael Schwerner and Andrew Goodman, two Northern Jews who were assassinated by whites in Mississippi on June 21, 1964.

The civil rights movement welcomed white allies and could not have existed



CAMPBELL



RAAB



WATTS



LELYVELD AFTER 1964 ATTACK
Just beginning the course.

Two Voices: A Dialogue on Dissension

Political Sociologist Leonard Fein, 34, is a Jewish intellectual who is associate director of the M.I.T.-Harvard Joint Center for Urban Studies. Black Educator Rhody McCoy, 46, is administrator of New York City's Ocean Hill-Brownsville experimental school district. Last week they met at the offices of *TIME* to discuss their concern about the deteriorating relationship between the ethnic communities to which they belong. Excerpts from their talk:



FEIN



MCROY

Fein: The peculiar tragedy is that the Jewish community has a history of many creative relationships with blacks. We have shared a great deal. While your grandfather was being whipped in Mississippi, my grandfather was being killed in a pogrom. I may be dead wrong on this, but I sense that blacks say to themselves: "Look, the Jews have gotten it in the neck, too; yet they've been extraordinarily successful in this country. How do I explain their success and black nonsuccess?" They're certainly not going to conclude that Jews are better than black people. But there is a convenient alternative explanation. Just assert that the Jews were successful only by cheating, and that the people they cheated were black. So in one fell swoop you explain both Jewish success and black nonsuccess. But there are a lot of Jews who are so obviously good guys that it's hard to say that they are gougers or cheaters or bigots. So what do you do? You call them hypocrites and you provoke them so fiercely that they, too, in the end turn against you. Then you can relax and say, "See, everybody's a racist."

McCoy: That's a pretty frightening concept, isn't it? But I'm not sure that's so prevalent. I would suggest that black people are still enslaved in one way or another, and I don't think they're really so ready to find scapegoats as to find reasons to blame it on the total American scene. It's an anti-white attitude period. To me, it eventually all goes back to economics. Jewish people say, "Well, I've been discriminated against, I was a second-class citizen and so I'm going to do something about it." But they still continue to practice the same discrimination. You can't even get a job as a dishwasher in certain areas they inhabit.

People who are oppressed want the oppressor off their backs. If he happens to be Italian, somebody's going to say you're anti-Italian. It's ridiculous. It only becomes a charge of anti-Semitism when some person needs a political platform. It's all part of a very definite effort on the part of some people who are trying to keep the black community isolated and fragmented.

Let me put it another way. Of course I think anti-Semitism is bad but I think we have more things to be concerned about than making anti-Semitism a priority. In Ocean Hill-Brownsville, people who basically were committed to educating children suddenly now are being charged with anti-Semitism. It takes things all out of context. I keep asking myself why it's so repugnant when it becomes black anti-Semitism. We know that other groups practice anti-Semitism much more subtly. If every black man in America were an anti-Semite, it would have no real impact on our society as it presently stands.

Fein: You can take that one step further. If every black man, woman and child were an anti-Semite, they would still number fewer than the total of white anti-Semites in America. But it would still be patronizing on my part to tolerate black anti-Semitism to any greater degree than I

would tolerate it from any other source. If I were to tolerate it, it would be an insult to you because it would mean I don't hold you to a standard that I hold every other person to. Black anti-Semitism is fundamentally a cop-out—the same thing that people of all societies engage in when the going gets rough. When a problem becomes hard, it is very easy to point and accuse and say well it is racism or Jews or some other big word nobody defines very carefully or precisely.

Increasingly it seems to me that the black community has a choice. Is it going to be like many other ethnic communities—entirely introverted, hostile to other groups? Or is it going to be a community that is building for itself a capacity to relate to others creatively and productively? The organized Jewish community has a pretty good record of isolating and condemning its own bigots. But how can we make it possible to accept responsibility for the Jewish bigot who owns a building in the slum or who does not hire blacks, any more than any national black organization can be held responsible or accountable for every cheap hoodlum or foulmouth who happens to be black? I most certainly won't let such crude stereotyping go unchallenged when my people say it, and I don't expect you to let it go unchallenged when your people are the ones who say it.

McCoy: Maybe there are too few of us. The devastating part is that we don't have the resources to combat it. In the school strike, our governing board went on record as being opposed to anti-Semitism. We issued a document relative to the meaning of Rosh Hashanah, and now people are asking us to issue still another statement. How far do we go?

Fein: For both of us, the issue has been exaggerated. Why? Well, Jews and blacks are both more sensitive than people with less harrowing memories, so when Jews hear anti-Semitic statements being whispered, they are deafening. Beyond that, there is a backlash in the Jewish community, an unmasking of latent bigotry. Also, Jews in a perverse kind of way need anti-Semites. Jews in this country are in fairly serious trouble spiritually and ideologically, and it is very comforting to come once again to an old and familiar problem. By confronting others, you can avoid the much more challenging confrontation with yourself.

McCoy: In a very sophisticated way, I can say there is some education that has got to be done. When I look at it realistically, I am not so sure. I think we can sit around a table and iron out all the differences, but when you go to put that into practice nothing ever comes out of it in terms of moving to get people out of this kind of slavery. The other day I talked with a Jew who impressed upon me that he grew up on the Lower East Side. It was a ghetto when he went to school, but he got out of it. I said to him: "If it was a ghetto then and you left it and turned it over to me, what do you think happened to it? Do the blacks own the buildings now? No, they don't, and when they do and they overutilize them the Department of Buildings moves in and cuts their throat while the landlord next door is an absentee landlord and they can't find him and his building deteriorates." I said to him: "You've exploited, that's what you've done, you've exploited the people for a long time. Give them a chance to remodel and renovate. If you don't want to add to their identification of Jews as anti-black, then you have to do something about it. I don't think we need a process of education. We need a process of doing."

without them. What has now become the black revolution—separatist, militant and proud—has no use for the white man, especially the white man who is also a Jew. Belsen and Dachau are scars upon the Jewish memory; black nationalists deride them as evidence of Jewish submission. Says Psychologist Nathan Caplan of the University of Michigan: "The raw edge of the new anti-Semitism is not exploitation by Jewish merchants. Instead, it is almost an unwillingness to act pacifically like the Jews in Germany. Maybe they feel that the Jews set a bad example."

Another factor in the black extremists' anti-Semitism is their rather paradoxical support of the Arab nations in their struggle with Israel. Moslem traders were initially responsible for selling Africans into New World slavery but Arabs, though technically Caucasian, are often dark-skinned—therefore, soul brothers by adoption. Virtually every extremist leader has championed the Arab cause, even though Israel has contributed far more to the development of black Africa than all its Middle Eastern enemies put together. This paradox gains modest emphasis from the fact that a small minority of American Jews claim Ethiopian descent and that a much larger number of U.S. Negroes, perhaps as many as 350,000, claim and observe the Jewish faith.

Blacks criticize Israel in rhetorical terms that contain far more passion than logic. In *The Crisis of the Negro Intellectual*, for example, Negro Author Harold Cruse condemns Israel as part of a world conspiracy against the black. "The emergence of Israel as a world-power-in-minuscule meant that the Jewish question in America was no longer purely a domestic minority problem," he writes. "A great proportion of American Jews began to function as an organic part of a distant nation-state."

A Boil on the Movement

How dangerous and long-lasting is black anti-Semitism likely to be? Jewish Novelist Gerald Green (*The Last Angry Man*), who grew up with blacks in Brooklyn, dismisses it as "a boil on the Negro movement" that will soon subside. In his view, anti-Semitism is a strategy that the black will come to recognize as of no political value. "I find it frightening," Green adds, "but I find it more pitiful than anything." On the other hand, CORE Director Roy Innis contends that "a black leader would be crazy to publicly repudiate anti-Semitism since his primary responsibility is to his people," and San Francisco's Earl Rabb suggests that the black is not likely to abandon his bigotry as long as white Christians share his view. "It is not very likely," he says, "that one of the most stubborn cultural conventions of Western civilization will erode very quickly."

Whether or not anti-Semitism among blacks will disappear, its existence has given Jews reason to rethink their proper relationship to the American Negro.

Rabbi Richard Rubenstein of Pittsburgh's Hillel Foundation suggests that the Jew should disengage himself from the Negro movement because his interests no longer coincide with those of the black. He argues that Jews traditionally approached the civil rights question as a moral issue. But to today's black leaders, the problem is primarily a political one that the black community must solve on its own terms, using its own strengths. "When the blacks say 'Get out of our way,' argues Rubenstein, "as bitter as that sounds, it's healthy."

Others have suggested that Jews might remove one acerbating source of animosity by financially disengaging themselves from investments in the ghetto—

WABBY ENGLANDER—RETEL



BLACK JEW AT WORSHIP
But Moslems are the real soul brothers.

a trend that fear, riots and civil disorder have already initiated. Historian Joseph Boskin argues that Jewish capital must underwrite this last exodus by buying out Jewish ghetto merchants and reselling their property to resident blacks. In Boston, this is already being done by a recently organized Small Business Development Center; helped by a grant of \$196,000 from the Department of Commerce, the center has already arranged for the transfer of several dozen shops from Jewish to black ownership.

While this approach coincides with President Nixon's plans for "black capitalism," it is not the only solution. The Jew has ample resources within his religious tradition to eliminate inequities that cause interracial tension. Last year, for example, at the suggestion of some Boston Jews, a group of Negro tenement dwellers presented their grievances against their Jewish landlord to a *beth din*, or religious court. "This was a bunch of very old guys who haven't read James Baldwin or Rap Brown,"

says Boston's Leonard Fein, "and they wouldn't know a social-action council if they fell over it. But they know the Talmud and the Bible." Using these texts, the judges improvised a solution that satisfied both sides. The landlord agreed to make overdue repairs, and his tenants promised to do their share in good housekeeping. So far the bargain has been kept.

Tuition Paid by Tolerance

What this modest example suggests is that the American Jew is capable of responding creatively to the challenge presented by black anti-Semitism. "We Jews, of all peoples," says Rabbi Arthur J. Lelyveld of Cleveland's Fairmount Temple, "should be able to feel empathy with Negro frustration and anger. When we look deep into our Jewish conscience, we admit that it is right that the Negro should expect more of us." Lelyveld has given his share; as a civil rights worker in Hattiesburg, Miss., five years ago he was attacked and severely beaten by two white men. Says Charles E. Silberman, author of *Crisis in Black and White*: "Justice is an act, not a state of mind. Our obligation in no way hinges on the merits of the person or the people to whom justice is owed." To expect or solicit the love of the black, he says, is both pathological and pathetic.

However negative black anti-Semitism may be, it can have a positive aspect for both democracy and the Jew. If the U.S. is to be a genuinely pluralistic society, then its goal is not to assimilate minorities, but to let them—within reason—live together, each in its own way. The Jews have had practice in this. The black is just beginning the course, and it is unfortunate that part of the cost of his tuition must be paid by Jewish tolerance. But so long as U.S. society repudiates the anti-Semitic hostility of the black and prevents it from bursting into open, physical violence, the Jew is in no real danger.

Many Jewish religious leaders are worried about another danger—that the Jew may be losing his identity. Today's militant black asserts his identity, and this, they argue, is a message that the Jew should understand and apply to himself. If the blacks succeed, and if in the process the U.S. learns better to tolerate diversity, Jews will be among the gainers, because they will be that much freer to assert their own identity. That will be the moment, many Jewish leaders feel, when Jews will come back into the civil rights movement—out of self-interest, not out of charity.

In the meantime, even if their help is now repudiated, all white Americans, Jews included, must work toward a goal—the goal of raising the condition of the Negro in American society, thereby eliminating many, if not all, of the causes of black anti-Semitism. When that is achieved, the alliance of the two communities, now near the breaking point, should be stronger than ever.

BUSINESS

G.E.'S HEAVY ARMFUL

AN old axiom at General Electric Co. is that "no operation should be larger than a man can get his arms around." There are few armfuls quite so huge or potentially so bountiful as G.E.'s. Its 375,000 employees turn out some 3,000 product lines, including jet engines, nuclear power plants and electric toothbrushes. Now the company has designed an unusual management system to better take hold of some costly problems.

The new system does away with the post of president and divides responsibility largely among three vice chairmen, who report only to Chairman Fred J. Borch, the man who gave up the presidency but remains very much the chief executive. The group's main task is to squeeze more earnings out of G.E.'s steadily increasing sales. Last week in Manhattan, Borch publicly introduced his triumvirate—William Dennler, Jack S. Parker and Herman Weiss. He also reported that sales reached a record \$8.4 billion in 1968—double ten years ago—but profits did not keep pace. A preliminary estimate shows earnings are, as Borch put it, "no more than 2% below" 1967's record \$361 million.

Entrance Costs. Borch is openly dissatisfied. He says: "We have not been doing as well as we would like in increasing our earnings to match our recent sales growth." At G.E., the percentage of profits to sales ran 4.7% in 1966 and 1967, well down from 1959's recent record of 6.2%. Last year earnings would have been off even more except for a final-quarter spurt in overall

sales, including those of TV sets, appliances and other consumer products, which account for some 25% of G.E.'s business.

The troubles lie mainly in G.E.'s newer technological fields. The firm had to pay high entrance costs to break into those areas, and profits are farther into the future than managers had expected. The difficulties focus on three areas:

► **COMPUTERS.** The company entered the computer field in the mid-1950s and so far has spent hundreds of millions to develop a full family of machines. Partly because of the competition from IBM (see page 63), it is unlikely to turn a profit before 1970 at the earliest. Another costly venture was G.E.'s purchase in 1964 of Machines Bull, a French computer manufacturer. G.E. has pumped well over \$100 million into the company, most of whose major computer lines had to be scrapped; Bull has yet to earn a profit for G.E. Some management critics believe that G.E. would have done better if it had set up its own European computer subsidiary instead of buying the ailing Bull.

► **NUCLEAR POWER PLANTS.** The company unwisely signed some "turn-key" contracts to supply complete plants at a fixed fee. Managers underestimated the devastating effects of inflation. They reckoned that construction costs would rise only 3% or 4% a year, but they have actually gone up about 12%. Result: losses on those jobs amounted to many millions of dollars last year. G.E. has a big backlog of \$2 billion in orders for nuclear plants, but probably

will not realize a profit on them for several years.

► **JET ENGINES.** Though G.E. introduced jet engines in the U.S. 27 years ago, it has lately encountered some turbulence in this well-known field. Most of its engines go to the military but its profit margins are a slim 2.7% on some major Pentagon contracts. Borch figures that when the Viet Nam war ends, G.E.'s more than \$1.5 billion sales of aerospace and defense hardware will drop about 10%. Partly to compensate for that, the company will try to push deeper into the more profitable commercial jet market. The payoff will not come immediately. G.E. is building engines for 110 McDonnell Douglas DC-10 air buses. In addition, the company's contract to power the Boeing supersonic transport should eventually be worth \$5 billion or more in sales, but executives do not expect to reach the breakeven point before 1980.

Rare Collection. Borch figures that the decade of the 1960s has been unusually demanding—yet highly promising—for the company that was founded 77 years ago by Thomas Edison and some others. "Rarely will two things with such exponential leverage for the future as nuclear power and the new generation of jets fall together in a single decade," Borch points out. "These are challenges that, with our resources and technologies, we simply could not walk away from."

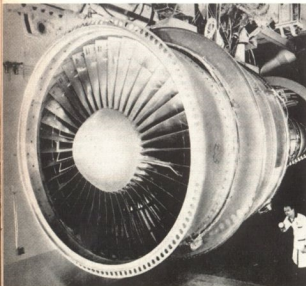
To handle those problems and opportunities, Borch and his three vice chairmen will exercise tight control over an operation that has lately been split into ten groups and 48 divisions—up from five groups and 29 often overlapping divisions. That change recently won a compliment of sorts from rival Westinghouse (estimated 1968 sales: \$3.3 billion). Three weeks ago, Westinghouse Chairman Donald C. Burnam named three vice chairmen, and picked four presidents to take charge of what Westinghouse calls four "company-like" units. By subdividing to achieve smallness, the giants of electricity hope to get their arms around the nettlesome new technologies.

ENTREPRENEURS

The Designing Man

Pierre Cardin is the Parisian fashion designer who first put models in crash helmets, matched short skirts with colored stockings and more recently dressed men and women in futuristic space suits. Fashion experts rank him among the top five trend-setting designers, along with Yves St. Laurent, Courrèges, Ungaro and the House of Dior. As haute couture's top entrepreneur, however, Cardin has no equal.

Cardin shocked the French fashion world when, in 1962, he began to sell



TURBOPAN ENGINE FOR DC-10

An unusually demanding, but highly promising decade.



FRED BORCH

copies of his creations. He argued that ready-to-wear clothing manufacturers were already copying Paris creations, "so why shouldn't we run the show?" Today he heads a marketing organization that sells clothes to men, women and children in dozens of countries on five continents.

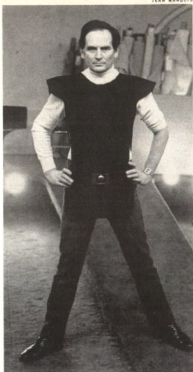
Cardin-designed or Cardin-approved products are sold in special boutiques—located in the U.S., Canada, Italy, Lebanon and France—and through licensees, who pay him a 7 1/2% to 10% royalty. Last year, sales amounted to \$27 million, more than double the 1965 total. What Cardin nets from all this he will not say, but the figure runs into the millions.

Countless Copies. This week in Paris, Cardin will hold his first 1969 show of the women's fashions that will later flow out, in the form of countless copies, to the U.S., Brazil, Japan, Australia, Germany and other countries. Skirts for day wear will be ankle-length and flaring. Like Cardin-designed men's wear first marketed in more than 100 U.S. stores last fall, the women's line will be sold in department and specialty stores next fall. Last month Cardin signed a deal with Gunther Openheim of Modelia to market Cardin women's clothes in the U.S. Cardin also markets men's hosiery through Vanguard, jewelry through Swank, shirts through Eagle Shirmakers, ties through Cravat-Pierre, pajamas through Host and wallets through Prince Gardner.

Most of the products are made in the country where sold, primarily to avoid import duties. An aide handles administrative details while Cardin—often dressed in a white turtle-neck sweater, black felt tunic and wide leather belt—creates. He designs all Cardin-labeled clothing but not all of the accessories, though they have his "approval." His prices run about one-fifth as high as the originals; among the copies, men's suits sell for \$175 and up, belts for \$10 to \$25 and shirts for \$15 to \$40.

Just a Technician. At 46, Bachelor Cardin may appear to be an affected dandy, but he works in a frenzy, often forgetting to grab even a sandwich for lunch. He learned design in Paris at the House of Paquin, at Christian Bérard and at Christian Dior. Equally important was his job as an accountant for the French Red Cross during World War II. "It was there," he recalls, "that I learned about balance sheets, paychecks and tax schedules. All of that seemed absurd, but it later helped me handle business affairs."

In 1950, he opened his own attic atelier and soon after moved to his present headquarters on the elegant rue Faubourg-Saint-Honoré. Among the customers for his men's clothes—distinguishable by their long jackets and pinch waists—are movie stars, young financiers and French Diplomat Hervé Alpand, whose wife Nicole was Washington's hostess par excellence in the Kennedy era. Cardin hired her in 1965 as his publicity director, and she opened



CARDIN IN PARIS ATELIER
King of an empire of royalties.

his first U.S. venture, a Cardin boutique in New York's Bonwit Teller. Now Bonwit's has three Cardin boutiques—for men, women and children—and all the merchandise is imported.

Other designers have begun to follow Cardin's lead by widely marketing clothes and accessories, but none of them are nearly so large as Cardin. He has no patience with designers who claim that they are artists who must cater to an elite. "The couturier is just a laboratory technician," Cardin says. "He must follow progress—and progress in business comes from quantity sales."

GOLD Crisis Again?

Is the Western world stumbling toward another gold and monetary upheaval? An increasing number of bankers and economists fear that it is. "The international monetary situation is still unstable," says President Karl Blessing of the West German Bundesbank. South African Finance Minister Nicolaas Diederichs has repeatedly predicted that an international flareup will come in the second quarter of this year. Princeton Professor Fritz Machlup, a top expert on global finance, expects a new currency crisis "in the foreseeable future."

Such worries have been reinforced by signs of strain in the world's monetary system. Eight hours after Treasury Secretary David Kennedy was sworn in last week, he talked down one source of uneasiness. In a statement approved by President Nixon, he ruled out any change in the official \$35-per-oz. price

of gold. "We see no need or reason for such action," he said.

A Preference for Metal. It was a ritual pledge, made in response to urgent requests by European bankers to help quell a new outbreak of speculation. The free-market price of gold had been creeping up for more than a month, partly because of tensions in the Middle East and partly because Kennedy inadvertently raised hopes in December that the new Administration might raise the official gold price. Mindful of Nixon's orders to avoid taking policy positions before the inaugural, Kennedy replied to a question about gold prices by saying that he would "keep all options open." Despite disclaimers by Nixon's press aide, speculators caught the scent of possible quick profits.

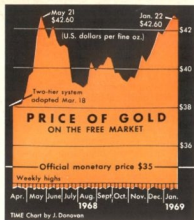
Two weeks ago, the free-market price in London and Zurich climbed to \$42.75 per oz. That was the highest in the ten months since a buying panic forced central bankers to adopt a two-price system and stop supporting the price of privately traded gold at \$35. After Kennedy's declaration last week, the free-market price retreated to \$42.

Still, the 20% gap between the different prices revived skepticism about the durability of the "two-tier" price system. In last year's gold rush, the \$3 billion that drained out of official reserves created a price-stabilizing oversupply of the metal in the free market. Now that cushion is depleted because speculators have bought it up. If the price gap grows larger, the central bankers of smaller nations might be tempted to unload official stocks of gold at the much higher free-market price—thereby circumventing the two-tier arrangement.

The two-tier system has worked well so far, but its future is imperiled by a fundamental defect. When central bankers decided to let the marketplace set the price of gold for speculators, hoarders and industrial users, they also agreed to settle debts among nations. Thus the world's monetary gold stocks were artificially frozen at \$40 billion. But nations' appetites for gold have grown stronger, and their trust in paper currencies has become weaker. In the past year, these countries have changed the percentages of gold (as against paper money and credits) in their national reserves in the following way:

	1967	1968
Belgium	57%	63%
Portugal	57%	64%
Italy	44%	52%
Switzerland	87%	90%

Countries made this shift largely by trading dollars for U.S. gold. During 1968, the U.S. lost \$1.2 billion in gold, leaving the U.S. with only \$10.9 billion of the metal to meet \$30 billion of potential foreign claims against the dollar. Though most of the loss came before April and the U.S. gold stock has stabilized since the two-tier system was set up, the total is low enough to cause concern. Warns Vice President Harold



Cleveland of New York's First National City Bank: "The U.S. gold stock has been reduced to the point where the U.S. guarantee to convert dollars into gold at \$35 is no longer credible."

Window Dressing. For the moment, however, the dollar seems secure against the devaluation that a gold-price increase would involve. The U.S. last year ran a tiny balance-of-payments surplus, its first in eleven years. It is a victory with a high price. "No one should be deluded," says Treasury Secretary Kennedy. "Underneath the overall result, our trade balance has sagged to the vanishing point under the pressure of inflation, and additional controls on American investment were imposed to achieve the balance. We do not plan to rely indefinitely on tight controls or statistical window dressing to disguise but not cure a basic deficit."

A new crisis could be set off by any substantial deficit in the U.S. payments balance or by a bad British trade report, a weakening of the French franc, or some political event that would fan distrust of paper currencies. Of all the possibilities, bankers worry most about the increasing disparity between the economic strength of West Germany and the weakness of France and Britain.

To strengthen their financial defenses in advance, the major nations might increase their reserves of monetary gold. South Africa is sitting on a hoard of \$1.25 billion in gold, waiting for a crisis that would lift its price. But the South Africans seem willing to make a deal. They would probably sell half of their gold to the official market at \$35 per oz., if they could also get permission to sell the other half at a higher price on the free market. At the same time, the world's monetary authorities would put a floor under the gold price by agreeing to buy South Africa's bullion if and when the free-market price ever falls below \$35. Continental money men are increasingly convinced that the Nixon Administration will accept such a deal. Once again, in 1969, the fraternity of central bankers will probably have to use inspired improvisations to keep the world's monetary mechanism operating.

AIRLINES

Storm over the Pacific

The hardest-fought commercial air battle in Washington memory seemed to end last month when Lyndon Johnson awarded new Pacific routes to six of 18 carriers that had sought them for more than a decade. Johnson's choices were two Pacific veterans, Pan American and Northwest, and newcomers TWA, Continental and all-cargo Flying Tiger. In addition, Braniff got new runs to Hawaii. Last week Richard Nixon said: nothing doing. In a letter to the Civil Aeronautics Board, Nixon stated that he would "recall the matter" and later on "advise you of my decision on the merits."

Why the upheaval? The losers—and some not-so-satisfied winners—had complained that Johnson's original awards were made less on merit than on the wondrous performance of old political cronies who had interests in the victorious carriers. Eastern Airlines, a loser that has already been in serious difficulties (TIME, Jan. 24), had the least political lift of all.

Nixon's step was highly unusual, but he has had experience with this sort of thing. The last time that a Pacific case came up for decision was in 1961, when Vice President Nixon watched Dwight Eisenhower express his irritation over high-altitude lobbying by foreign and domestic airlines. Ike tossed the whole matter back to the CAB for a new version—during his last 24 hours in office.

EXECUTIVES

Up and Out

"I have persisted in being what I am," says Baltimore's Henry G. Parks Jr. That is why Parks years ago rejected the advice of a counselor at Ohio State's College of Commerce, who urged him: "Go to South America, where you will have a real chance." Parks, a strapping 6-ft. 3-in. man, felt that he could better make his way in U.S. business—even though he is a Negro. Parks was right; he went on to found H. G. Parks Inc., a sausage-making firm that had 1968 sales of \$6,128,481 and profits of \$243,812. Last week H. G. Parks offered its shares to the public for the first time, overnight becoming one of the largest publicly-owned black firms in the U.S.

The offering of 220,000 shares at \$8 each was quickly oversubscribed, and shares rose to about \$12.50 by week's end. New capital will enable Parks to expand his model sausage factory in Baltimore and to fatten his rather limited product line. About 12,000 stores on the East Coast from Virginia northward market Parks pork sausages and scrap-ple. Soon to come are quick-cooking sausages, beef sausages, and what Parks calls "the whole line of Southern foods, such as barbecued anything."

Cold Shoulder. Atlanta-born Parks grew up in Dayton, Ohio. His father was a wine steward, his mother a some-

time domestic servant. After working his way through Ohio State ('39), he joined the Pabst Brewing Co. and later headed a small group of Negro salesmen who cultivated ghetto markets for the firm. After settling in Baltimore in 1944, he started the sausage firm in 1951. Just what he did during the years between is a bit vague.

Parks has long been a friend of William L. Adams, sometimes known as Little Willie, whom the Senate Crime Investigating Committee in 1951 named as Baltimore's top operator of the numbers games. Little Willie is a director of the sausage company, and until last week he and Parks each owned 44% of its shares; now each has 26%—a controlling majority between them. If Parks had some rather unusual financing in his earlier years, that was possibly due to the fact that he was cold-shouldered by white bankers.

Spicy Enough. In the beginning, Parks and two employees started grinding out sausages in an old Baltimore dairy. Word quickly spread through the ghetto grapevine that the manufacturer was a black man, and Negroes supported him at the supermarket counters. At present, Parks sells mostly to white people, and about 15% of his employees are white. "I work very hard to run a business, and not a Negro business," says Parks, who has been elected to a second term as a city councilman from a Baltimore Negro district.

Parks believes that he will benefit from the tendency of people to "buy up, and buy out." By "up" he means higher quality, and by "out" foreign foods like Mexican and Chinese. Parks feels that his products are spicy enough to ride the fringes of the foreign trend. To insure their quality, the boss himself acts as an official taster. Recently he solved one executive problem by making a rather deft change. Parents and even schoolchildren had written in to

LEE R. JOHNSON



HENRY PARKS

Bigger slice of the sausage.

complain about the company's shrill radio spot ads, in which a child cries, "More Parks Sausages, Mom!" That has since been modified to "More Parks Sausages, Mom—please!"

ANTITRUST

The IBM Questions

As it will for months and maybe years to come, the Justice Department's antitrust suit against International Business Machines Corp. last week continued to pose new questions for the courts, the computer industry and the nation's securities markets.

• **WHAT WILL HAPPEN IN THE COURTS?** IBM, which has produced about two-thirds of the 43,000 computers in the U.S., is charged with violation of the Sherman Act's Section 2, a broad prohibition of "monopoly" that suggests that bigness alone is bad. The most direct precedent traces to 1945, when the U.S. directed the Aluminum Co. of America to split off properties. The key opinion was written by Judge Learned Hand of the Second Circuit Court of Appeals, who decided that law "did not condone 'good trusts' and condemn 'bad' ones; it forbade all."

A more permissive view may well be taken by the Nixon Administration's newly named chief trustbuster, Richard W. McLaren, a Chicago lawyer who headed the American Bar Association's antitrust division. McLaren says that his approach will be to "look at performance as well as structure" and follow the "rule of reason." He thus echoes Stanley Barnes, the Eisenhower Administration's activist antitrust chief. Barnes handled a large volume of monopoly cases but settled with consent decrees to end certain practices rather than press for dissolution.

• **HOW WILL IBM CHANGE?** IBM is likely to end one practice that the Justice Department criticized: the policy of selling computers, software and related services to customers on a single-price, all-or-nothing basis. That tends to freeze out small suppliers, which can offer only pieces and parts of the total system. Aware that Justice has been investigating the computer industry for two years, IBM last month said that it would proclaim a new policy no later than July.

• **HOW COULD THE LITIGATION AFFECT IBM STOCK?** After a 2-for-1 split last May, the stock rose to a high of 375 in June. Since then, word of the investigation and heavy selling by mutual funds have worried the stock downward. Last week it fell 7½ points to close at 299½. Doubtless the legal news will overshadow Wall Street's perennial glamour stock for some time. But there could be a benefit. In the event that IBM has to divest itself of some business, it would do so by creating a new company and distributing shares to IBM stockholders. Presumably, investors would be happy to have a piece of any company that IBM might spin off.

BRITAIN

Mrs. Castle's Recipe

Because a foreman dared to turn on an oil valve, 22 toolsetters from a rival union recently stalked out of Britain's Girling company, a large manufacturer of brakes. That started a disastrous chain reaction. For lack of brakes, automobile companies had to close several plants and lay off thousands of workers. Ford Motor Co., Ltd., alone lost an estimated \$50 million in sales during the four weeks that the walkout lasted.

Such piddling labor disputes badly disrupt Britain's fragile economy and damage its drive to strengthen the pound by raising exports. Last week strikes crippled

DAILY TELEGRAPH, LONDON



BARBARA CASTLE

To bring order out of anarchy.

pled several key exporters, including a shipbuilder and two automakers, Rootes and Jaguar. Worse still, a squabble over union representation threatened to cripple the country's steel industry. Amid all that acrimony, public debate raged over a new government White Paper on labor policy, fittingly titled "In Place of Strife." Issued by Barbara Castle, the fiery Minister of Employment and Productivity, the paper committed Harold Wilson's Labor Government to press for legislation that would give the government far more power to intervene in the nation's labor relations.

No Alcohol. Mrs. Castle, 57, a lifelong Socialist and welfare-state evangelist, seems well suited to talk tough to trade unionists. The petite wife of Ted Castle, political editor of the Sun, a national daily, she can be a rugged fighter. In her former position as Minister of Transport, she pushed through legislation empowering police to give "Breathalyzer" tests to drunken-driving suspects. That enraged British pub owners, who introduced "the bloody Barbara," a drink consisting of tomato juice and tonic—but no alcohol.

In campaigning for the first basic

labor reform in 60 years, Mrs. Castle is up against harder foes than pub owners or irate drivers. The problem of overlapping unions—there are 35 in the British auto industry, 16 in steel—leads to endless jurisdictional disputes. It also forces employers to bargain with many competing unions simultaneously and makes industry-wide negotiations almost impossible. Remarkably, unions are not bound by the agreements that they sign, and there are no legal provisions for cooling-off periods or court injunctions to forestall even the most outrageous strikes. As a result, more than 90% of Britain's strikes are called not by union leaders but by disgruntled workers.

Secret Vote. To bring some sense out of this anarchy, the White Paper would empower the government to 1) order a union to hold a secret vote when a major strike is threatened, 2) delay walkouts by ordering a 28-day "conciliation pause" and 3) impose settlements in jurisdictional disputes that union leaders are unable to resolve among themselves. Trade unionists who defy a government order would be subject to fines. On the other hand, the paper turned down the plea of management groups that all labor contracts should be made legally binding.

Mrs. Castle's recipe will probably be enacted by Parliament with little change early next year. Politicians realize that most Britons are heartily tired of industrial strife. A poll by the Sunday Times showed that two-thirds of the country's union members also strongly favor basic labor reforms.

RAILROADS

Working for a Different Johnson

Two years ago, Alan S. Boyd refused an offer to head the Association of American Railroads and accepted instead Lyndon Johnson's appointment as the first U.S. Secretary of Transportation. Last week Boyd joined the railroads after all—under a different Johnson. He took the post of president of the Illinois Central Railroad, succeeding William B. Johnson, 50, who will become chairman while remaining chief executive. "W.B.J.," as he is known around the railroad's Chicago headquarters, will also continue to head the parent Illinois Central Industries. It is a holding company that owns more than \$200 million worth of real estate and air rights in Chicago alone, and has lately acquired some manufacturing companies. Boyd will handle day-to-day railroad operations, so Johnson can pursue further diversification.

Talent for Innovation. Boyd and Johnson are lawyers and longtime friends with a talent for innovation. Johnson came to the Illinois Central in early 1966 after rejuvenating the moribund Railway Express. He increased profits by 41% to \$22 million in 1967; profits were still higher last year. Johnson raised the investment in new cars and track and computerized the line's traffic-in-

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BOYD & WIFE

With lessons learned in Washington.

formation operation. At the railroad's Chicago commuter stations, he installed turnstiles that open automatically when a passenger inserts a magnetically coded ticket in a slot. Through a merger now awaiting approval by the Interstate Commerce Commission, Johnson hopes to link his railroad—which covers 6,714 miles in 14 states, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico—with the 2,734-mile Gulf, Mobile & Ohio, whose tracks often parallel the Illinois Central's.

As the hiring of Boyd suggests, Johnson has not hesitated to depart from the railroad's tradition of promoting from within. Boyd, the former chairman of the Civil Aeronautics Board, was an able and dedicated administrator of the \$6 billion-a-year Transportation Department. But he was not too adept in dealing with Congress, and that stymied his efforts to bring the Maritime Administration under the department's jurisdiction and to relieve overburdened airports. In Boyd, the Illinois Central may also be getting some trouble; conflict-of-interest questions have been raised about the Department of Transportation's grant of \$25.2 million to improve commuter services on the Illinois Central. The grant was made in December while Boyd was under consideration as the railroad's president. Boyd disassociated himself from the grant, but Secretary of Transportation John A. Volpe has promised to investigate.

The experience of regulating a major segment of U.S. industry has taught Boyd an important lesson. He says: "We have put artificial restraints on various parts of the economy, which do not allow them to operate efficiently." He cites the railroads; they have been "hamstrung" by Washington and should be given greater freedom to raise rates.

MIDDLE EAST

Gold in the Ashes

When Israeli commandos raided Beirut's International Airport last month, eight of Middle East Airlines' 13 planes went up in flames. Despite this destruction, MEA did not really lose much during the raid—and in some ways is better off than before. Though a brand-new Boeing 707 jet was destroyed, the line also got rid of some aging Comets and other planes that it had been trying unsuccessfully to sell.

Keep 'Em Flying. Most important, MEA had shrewdly insured its fleet with war-risk policies that covered the full "book value" of the aircraft. Since the line valued the planes rather generously on its books, it figures to get \$17.9 million from Lloyd's of London and other insurers—more than enough to replace the lost fleet. The true market value of each of its three six-year-old Comet jets, for example, is about \$400,000, but MEA listed each at \$1,500,000 and paid appropriate premiums. MEA will also collect \$1,500,000 for each of two destroyed Caravelles that were really worth about \$900,000 apiece, and more than the market value for one lost Viscount. The new Boeing 707 is expected to bring \$8,500,000, roughly what it cost. The eighth gutted plane, a VC-10, was on charter from Ghana Airways, and MEA is not responsible for its loss.

The high insurance coverage did not result from Israeli-Arab tensions, but from the brief Indo-Pakistani war in 1965. "At that time," says Sheikh Najib Alamuddin, MEA's president, "our aircraft served both Karachi and Bombay, and we decided to cover our fleet with complete war-risk insurance. Thank goodness we've continued to maintain those policies."

MEA, the largest and most successful Arab airline, managed to maintain its service by doubling up some flights in the first days following the raid. Instead of scheduling separate flights to London and Paris, for example, it serviced both capitals with a single daily plane from Beirut. To back up its remaining five planes, the line has since chartered three Comets from Kuwait Airways, one Boeing 720B from Ethiopian Airlines and another Boeing from Air France. It will also have six months' free use of a Caravelle owned by Morocco's King Hassan II. Other offers to help have come in from Pan American, Lufthansa, KLM and Russia's Aeroflot.

There is no guarantee that MEA's recovery will last. Chartering planes is expensive and cuts into flight profits. Since the Israeli attack, Lloyd's has increased MEA's premiums for war-risk coverage eightfold, and has imposed a ceiling on what it will pay henceforth: a maximum of \$8,150,000 each for no more than two airplanes. Lloyd's is imposing similar conditions on Israel's El Al and

all other airlines operating intensively in the Middle East area.

The question now facing MEA is whether the airport raid will affect tourism and shake passenger confidence. That will not be answered until the Lebanese tourist season begins in April. For the first 19 days of 1969, however, MEA's passenger loads were almost 20% above the same period in 1968.

American Interest. Sheikh Alamuddin does not seem to be in a hurry to buy new planes. He obviously wants to make the best deal, and many manufacturers are eager to dicker with him. The French government, which, through Air France, owns 30% of MEA's stock, hopes to sell some Caravelles. Boeing has speeded up delivery for two 707s—MEA will get them this autumn—and would like to sell tri-jet 727s for short- and medium-range routes.

As the result of a rather complicated deal, the U.S. Government also has a special interest in MEA. Several years ago, most of MEA's shares were owned by Beirut's Intra Bank, which also owed a big debt to the U.S.'s Commodity Credit Corp. for some grain shipments to Lebanon. When Intra folded in 1966, an investment company was formed to take over its remaining assets, including 65% of MEA's shares. For its unpaid bill, C.C.C. received a 19% interest in the investment company that controls the airline, and an officer of C.C.C. sits on the company's board.

MILESTONES

Born. To Dionne Warwick, 25, singer with honey deep down in her Soul (*Alfie*; *Promises, Promises*); and Bill Elliott, 31, aspiring movie actor (*Uptight*, *On a Clear Day*): their first child, a boy; in Newark.

Married. Jim Ryn, 21, world's fastest miler (record: 3 min. 51.1 sec.), now winding up his college career at the University of Kansas; and Anne Snider, 21, Kansas State cheerleader whose introduction to Jim came when he refused her autograph request after setting a mile world record in 1966; in Bay Village, Ohio.

Married. Dawn Pepita Langley Hall, 31, British authoress who was Author Gordon Langley Hall (*Jacqueline Kennedy: A Biography*) until a transsexual operation in Baltimore last October; and John Paul Simmons, 22, her Negro steward; both for the first time; in a small Baptist ceremony at the bride's home in Charleston, S.C. Her mother (by adoption), Actress Dame Margaret Rutherford, said that she was pleased with the marriage.

Married. Audrey Hepburn, 39, film-dom's worldly wife (*My Fair Lady*, *Two for the Road*); and Dr. Andrea Mario Dotti, 30, handsome Italian psy-

chiatrist whom she met on a Roman holiday last July; she for the second time (her 14-year marriage to Actor Mel Ferrer ended in divorce two months ago), he for the first; in a quiet civil ceremony held near his home in Morges, Switzerland.

Divorced. By Theodore C. Sorensen, 40, former presidential speechwriter and Kennedy Clan confidant, now a top partner (along with ex-U.N. Ambassador Arthur Goldberg) in a prestigious Manhattan law firm; Sara Elbery Sorensen, 35, petite Cambridge, Mass., schoolteacher; on the uncontested grounds of cruelty and abandonment; after nearly five years of marriage, no children; in Manhattan.

Died. Irene Castle, 75, ballroom dancer who was the belle of two continents before World War I; of heart disease; in Eureka Springs, Ark. Daughter of a New York physician, Irene married an impoverished English actor, and almost overnight the dance team of Vernon and Irene Castle became the toast of Paris. By 1912, their dancing and their songs—the Castle Walk and the Maxixe—were sentimental favorites in the U.S. and Europe. In 1916 Vernon joined Canada's Royal Flying Corps and was killed two years later in a training ac-

cident. Irene later remarried three more times but never again did she choose to take another dance partner or another professional step.

Died. Mrs. Louis Van Alen Bruguère, 92, *arbitrator elegantiarum* of Newport society and symbol of the colony's turn-of-the-century splendor; of pneumonia; at Wakehurst, her baronial estate in the Rhode Island resort. Her first husband, James Van Alen, was a fifth-generation descendant of John Jacob Astor, and her own family ties provided millions more from the Vanderbilt fortune to make her one of the nation's richest women. Yet wealth was only part of her cachet. A few intimates always called her "Daisy"; others, in later years, referred to her as the "purple people eater" for her blue-tinted hair and infinite capacity for punctilio; dinner was black tie, women never wore slacks, even when sailing. Every newcomer with proper credentials was summoned for tea, but acceptance hinged on a second invitation. Deaths, taxes, and a different sort of society brought an end to many of the old estates. But Mrs. Bruguère still kept a year-round retinue of 30 servants, held gala dinners for 50 to 75 guests, and turned out to watch the lawn-tennis matches from her chauffeured Rolls-Royce.

ART

GRAPHICS

Erotica at 87

When summoned to Pablo Picasso's Riviera villa last March, Paris Printer Aldo Crommelynck packed only one clean shirt. There had been many previous summonses in the 20 years that Crommelynck, 37, and his brother Piero, 34, had been privileged to print the master's occasional engravings. The brothers even found it worthwhile to keep a small printing press in an atelier near Picasso's house, enabling the impatient artist to view proofs without delay. From those earlier calls, Crommelynck fully expected to run off proofs of one or possibly two new engravings—all Picasso ever seemed to produce at a

taneously in Paris and Chicago: the show is just finishing a six-week run at the Galerie Louise Leiris, but by popular demand The Art Institute of Chicago has extended it for another month. The engravings represent what may well be the most exhaustive study of genitals, mainly female, ever seen in legitimate art galleries. Says his longtime dealer and friend, Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler: "His work has always been profoundly autobiographical. Women play a big role in his life and imagination. The subject of this show is himself, his imagination, his dreams." As the artist once said, "for me, there are two kinds of women—goddesses and doormats." Both are clearly visible.

One of Picasso's themes, that of art-

PAINTING

Impressionists Revisited

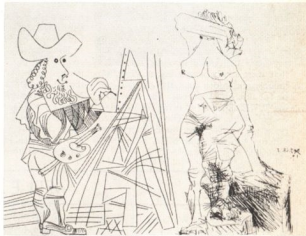
What will most likely be the third biggest city in the world 20 years from now? Wrong. Not London, not Los Angeles, not Peking—but São Paulo, topped only by Tokyo and New York. Gaining some 300,000 new settlers every year, Brazil's São Paulo is the world's fastest-growing city and, with 5,430,000 inhabitants, is now the world's eighth largest. This week at long last, São Paulo could display an art museum worthy of its growing stature.

The museum and the rich collection it houses are the almost single-handed achievements of one man—São Paulo's Francisco de Assis Chateaubriand ("Chatô") Bandeira de Mello, a short stout press lord with a considerable resemblance to New York's late Fiorello



FROM PICASSO'S "347 GRAVURES"

The subject is himself, his imagination, his dreams.



time—and be on his way back to Paris in a day or two at most.

It never did pay to take Picasso for granted.

Crommelynck found that the 87-year-old Picasso had launched into a fury of sustained creativity, turning out etchings—and nothing else—at the astonishing rate of almost two a day. The printer resignedly settled into a state of semi-residence as the artist worked on and on, from March into early October. As remarkable as the demanding pace was the subject to which Picasso addressed himself. At a time of life when sex is little more than a dim memory for most men, he was lustily scratching out on copper one erotic scene after another, never hesitating to boldly gouge a representation of himself into the action. Not once did he summon a model—his incredible visual memory or imagination seemed capable of producing any variant of pose or coupled posture.

Two Kinds of Women. The engravings, as usual fully subscribed in advance in editions of 50 each, have been assembled into an exhibit titled simply "347 Gravures" and mounted simul-

ist and model, is omnipresent. In one engraving after another, men representing painters—or voyeurs—stare at shamelessly naked women; occasionally they indulge in intercourse with their ever-compliant models, palette and brushes still in hand. Reflecting the artist's Spanish heritage, a whole series of moody prints shows grantees on horseback abducting maidens. Satyrs abound.

Stylistically, Picasso runs the gamut from the murky chiaroscuro of Rembrandt to a spidery line that Steinberg could be proud of. Technically, the prints are a virtuoso performance in which the artist often combines various techniques—etching, aquatint, drypoint—on the same plate.

The Art Institute, even though it withheld 25 prints as "unfit for public exhibition," has received phone calls complaining, in effect, that Picasso is a dirty old man and demanding that the exhibit be removed. But what matters about "347 Gravures" is that the old master proves he can still invest a female nude with classic grace by means of a single magical line. He doesn't do it every time—but then he never did.

La Guardia in both appearance and personality. In 1947, noting that São Paulo (and indeed all Brazil) was sadly deficient in art, he proclaimed, "A nation without art is backward and barbaric," and set out to remedy this defect.

Quick Swoop. He hired Italian-born Pietro Maria Bardi as his artistic guide and installed him also as director of the São Paulo Art Museum—then a museum in name only, except in Chatô's imagination. As chief of some 30-odd newspapers, 19 magazines, 22 radio and 15 TV stations, Chatô had plenty of money of his own. But not even that kind of tycoon can command enough millions to assemble an art collection of the scope Chatô had in mind. So Chatô did not scruple to use his press facilities to extract a little something extra. A businessman, bank or civic organization that coughed up the cash for a work he had his eye on, could count on being eulogized in his publications. Anyone who balked might find himself attacked (as was one industrialist) as "a bandit, pachyderm, hippopotamus, Berber filibuster, Barbary pirate."

Chatô himself was more pirate than



Toulouse-Lautrec's *Paul Viaud as an Admiral* (1901).

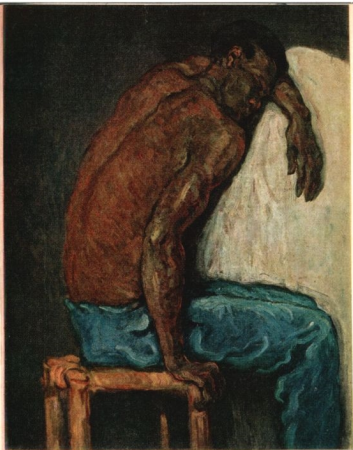
SÃO PAULO'S TREASURES

Metsys' *Contract of Marriage* (early 16th century).





Manet's *The Artist* (Marcellin Desboutin, 1875).



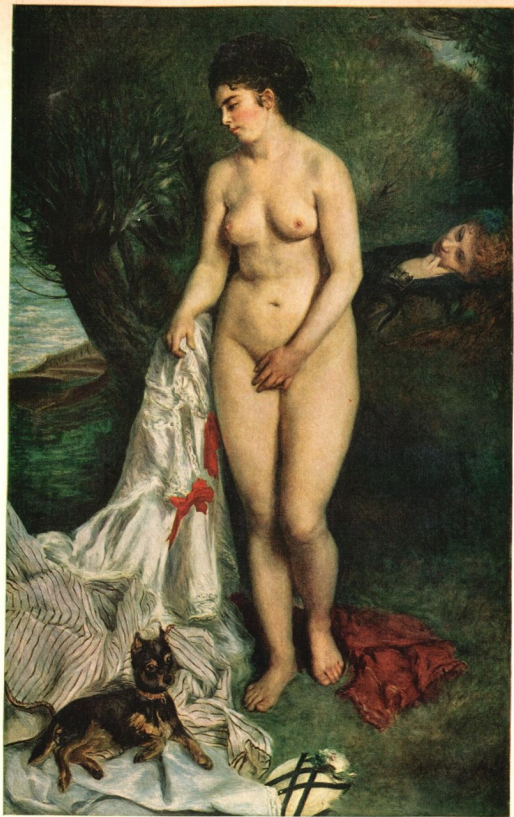
Cézanne's *The Negro Scipion* (1866-68).



Gauguin's *Self-Portrait: Near to Golgotha* (1896).

Vuillard's *Yvonne Printemps and Sacha Guitry* (1920).





Renoir's *Bather with Griffon* (1870).



SÃO PAULO'S NEW MUSEUM

Only a bandit, a Berber filibuster or a Barbary pirate would balk.

pachyderm. He loved to swoop down on an Old Master for sale on the New York art market and carry it off before slow-moving U.S. museums could get their boards of trustees to approve its purchase. He liked to boast that he once snapped up 33 pictures at the Wildenstein Gallery before lunch, then talked the Brazilian government into giving him a \$3,000,000 loan to finance his purchases. As the "museum" grew, it was moved from one makeshift quarters to another. In recent years, it has been housed in Chateaubriand's office building in downtown São Paulo. But the city fathers were finally stirred into action, put up the millions to build the collection a home of its own. Its official opening on March 12 will come just a year after Chateaubriand's death.

Designed by Architect Lina Bo (who is Director Bardi's ex-wife), the building is in effect a box suspended from four giant concrete piles spanned by huge concrete beams. This construction allows for column-free interiors where the paintings are supported in airy space on what amounts to a series of transparent plastic easels.

Spots and Peaks. Since Chateaubriand, like his country, was a late-comer to art collecting, the classical, medieval and Renaissance periods are only spottily—though sometimes handsomely—represented. There are two Titians, a Raphael *Resurrection of Christ*, a Mantegna *St. Jerome*, a commanding Velázquez portrait. There are also some diverting minor works, such as Quentin Metsys' *Contract of Marriage*, a droll example of genre by a Flemish contemporary of Erasmus, showing a young man dutifully snuggling up to an ugly but rich old wife.

The strength of the collection lies in its vast variety of impressionists and post-impressionists—a variety so rich that it provides offbeat works of artists whose characteristic style has become almost too familiar. São Paulo has, for instance, several Renoir nudes in his well-known manner. But the eye-opener is

the full-length *Bather with Griffin*, painted in 1870 when Renoir was still seeing through the eyes of his mentor Courbet. It depicts Renoir's first mistress, Lise Tréhot. No later Renoir nude was more lushly sensuous.

Manet's *The Artist*, though painted only eight years before his death, is a provocative contrast to the broadly stroked, flatly patterned pictures that any gallerygoer can identify across the room as a Manet. Marcellin Desbouts was a witty, talented engraver, and one of Manet's close friends. The uncharacteristically detailed features, the brooding eyes, perhaps reflect Manet's special affection for his model.

Lovers and Exceptions. Other pictures illuminate little-known aspects of the painters' careers. Besides a solid selection of Cézanne's familiar landscapes, São Paulo also has an early study of a Negro model painted in 1866 that shows the young Cézanne was working even then at the plastic shapes, low-keyed values, and flat planes that would eventually supplant the impressionists. Paul Gauguin's stark *Self-Portrait: Near to Golgotha* illustrates the anguish that the artist felt when he arrived in Tahiti for his final sojourn—ill, unable to sell his canvases, and forced to subsist on borrowed money. Vuillard's fame as a painter rests on his domestic scenes, but he also enjoyed Paris' gay night life, as may be seen from his decorative vignette of Actors Yvonne Printemps and Sacha Guitry.

Paul Viaud as an Admiral is the last canvas that Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec ever worked on—and it is a far cry from his usual coquettes and dancing girls. Viaud was a family friend hired by the Countess de Toulouse-Lautrec to look after her deformed son and keep him away from the bottle. It proved an impossible task. But Lautrec seems to have appreciated Viaud's efforts, and slaved away at his portrait until too weak to stand upright on his maimed legs. It was still unfinished when Lautrec died at the age of 36.

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THE THEATER

REPERTORY

A Rooster for the Phoenix

Playwright Sean O'Casey was an aging angry young man in the '20s when he wrote *Juno and the Paycock* and *The Plough and the Stars*. He was an angry old man of 69 when he wrote *Cock-A-Doodle Dandy*—the play he called his favorite. Audiences and producers have not generally agreed with his assessment; the play has rarely been staged during the 20 years since it was written, and its runs have been short. Perhaps it was ahead of its time—as indicated by the rollicking, rumbustious piece of theater that the APA-Phoenix Repertory Company made of it on Broadway last week.

Today's playgoers are not so likely to be put off by *Cock-A-Doodle Dandy's* zany unconcern with sequiturs, probabilities or dramatic *ps* and *qs*. O'Casey was offended by realistic theater ("To hell with so-called realism, for it leads nowhere," he wrote) and in this blast at what he felt was wrong with Ireland, he let his antic imagination range and flow.

The first character onstage is a bird—The Cock, magnificently plumed and wattled by Costume Designer Nancy Potts, and played by Barry Bostwick with impudent elegance. The Cock, said O'Casey, represents "the joyful, active spirit of life as it weaves a way through the Irish scene," and it spreads terror among the crabbed codgers and priest-ridden puritans of the countryside. They quail from its presence and blast at it with guns. Still, The Cock bewitches a high silk hat and a bottle of John Jame-

son, and rips to shreds the vestments of a priest who tries to exorcise it with bell, book and candle.

Pet Hate. However, the women of the play—a farmer's wife, his daughter and his maid—are delighted with this "saucy bird." O'Casey saw the repressed and persecuted Irish female as the repository of all that was open and joyous and life-loving in his native land. The conflict between them and the nay-saying, money-hungry men is the essential drama of *Cock-A-Doodle Dandy*—with Protestant O'Casey's pet hate, the Roman Catholic Church, as archvillain. In the end, the women are roughed up and driven away to find "a place where life resembles life more than it does here," and the play ends in a mood of sadness for the desolation of spirit that has fallen on the land. Yet for all his bitterness, O'Casey keeps his broad Irish sobsters quirkily alive. Like his symbolic rooster, he weaves his own warm, life-affirming way through the play with a magic mix of phrases and cadences.

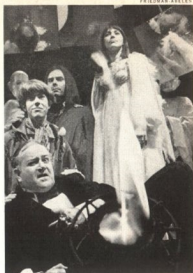
The APA company mercifully makes little effort to brogue O'Casey's lines, with the result that they are much more understandable and astonishing than they would be in an imitation Abbey accent. And in a script where almost every role is a juicy character part, the players have sensibly resisted the temptation to make too much of a good thing. Sydney Walker's superstitious, avaricious old bog farmer is especially well drawn, and Frances Sternhagen manages to be at the same time gay, defiant and pathetic as Loreleen, the physical embodiment of the wild-spinning rooster spirit that is terrorizing the men. The most uninhibitedly theatrical performance, though, is delivered by a thatched cottage, which shakes, rattles, writhes, smokes, flashes, and sheds its vines in one of the most dramatic cases of demonic possession since the Gadarene swine.

NEW PLAYS

Fairy Tale with a Wink

All plays and musicals are rather like bedtime stories for grownups. But they rarely resemble the fables, fairy tales and romances that one remembers as a special delight of being very young. A new musical called *Celebration* dwells in just that land of enchantment. It is a charmer for sophisticates who have never quite forsaken the magic realm of childhood.

A handsome blond Orphan (Michael Glenn-Smith) has been expelled from a celestial garden, but he has brought with him the stained-glass eye of God, his personal token of hope in the essential goodness of things. He meets an Angel (crestfallen) with grave dark eyes. This lovely girl (Susan Watson) tells



SCENE FROM "CELEBRATION"
Borrowing from Bertolt.

the Orphan that she is tired of being a Nobody and wants to be a Somebody. Together they meet Potemkin, a master of ceremonies and revelers, played with winning guile by Keith Charles. Potemkin tells the Orphan that he has read that God is dead, so survival has become his only creed.

To survive, they must all deal with Mr. Rich (Ted Thurston). Old Rich has the classic ailments of age and wealth: he is impotent and bored. On New Year's Eve, Potemkin arranges for a love scene to be played between the Orphan and the Angel with the hope of restoring Rich to youthful virility, after which the old man is supposed to get the girl. Naturally, it does not turn out that way.

Treat by Contrast. This story line could have been as sticky as a candied apple, except that the co-creators of *The Fantasticks*, Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, have used a favorite device of Bertolt Brecht's. Brecht traded on the sentimentality of a song or story while ironically kidding it. Thus an audience could feel emotionally stirred and intellectually superior at one and the same time. What Jones and Schmidt have done is to write a fairy tale that knowingly winks at itself.

Simplicity, sparseness and clarity are the order of the evening, and that alone makes the show a treat by contrast to most other Broadway musicals. There is no piston-pumping chorus testing the floorboards in *Celebration*, only a small gentle band of masked dancers decked in the costumes and spirit of a carnival. The straight melodic line and unpretentiously apt lyrics of the songs appeal to the ear without assaulting it. *Celebration* is intimate and beguiling and it has a distinctive personality rather than a powerhouse complex. It is one of those good things that come in small packages.



BOSTWICK AS THE COCK
Saucy bird for a sad land.

The Value Vacuum

Grandma trots about in tennis sneakers and a red baseball cap. Papa is a fat slob in unbuttoned pajamas, who has spent a lifetime dabbling in experimental theater. Mama reminisces over an early tussle for bohemian freedom in which she and Papa made love in the front row of the orchestra during a performance of *Tannhäuser*. Currently, she sleeps with a grinning Neanderthal manservant named Eddie, while Papa affects not to notice.

When Son Arthur returns to this zany household, he is appalled, heartsick and intellectually in anguish. Eager to exercise the sacred right of the young to rebel, Arthur (David Margulies) finds he has nothing to rebel against in his totally permissive home except the permissiveness itself. This is the provocative core of *Tango*, Slawomir Mrozek's incisive comedy of debased manners, shattered forms, and the contemporary value vacuum. Mrozek, 38, is a Polish writer whose passport was canceled when he condemned Poland's role in the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia. He now lives in Paris as a stateless person.

Rule of Force. Yet anyone who tries to decipher *Tango* as some sort of Iron Curtain cryptogram will miss half the fun and pertinence of the play. The socio-intellectual turbulence with which it stirs blows through all curtains, East or West. Arthur begins his counter-revolution with a stunning proposal—of marriage. Instead of just sleeping with his girl Ala as she expects, he wants her to marry him, and in church, of all places. He even asks for Grandma's blessing. She gives it without doffing her baseball cap.

But Arthur realizes that appearance is not reality. Old forms are dead forms if a living idea no longer animates them. Starved for a vital idea, Arthur hits on power, "an idea that can live in a vacuum." The rule of force is an idea simple enough for Eddie to grasp, and scarcely has Arthur assumed command of the household than Eddie strikes him dead.

The sequential logic of permissiveness to anarchy to tyranny may be questioned and is a trifle too methodical, but it is far merrier than the plotline suggests. Mrozek has a playful, astringent intelligence and a vision deeply colored by the theater of the absurd. One delightful sequence has Arthur trying to goad his father into surprising his wife in her lover's arms, while the father theorizes why he should not. Unfortunately, stilted direction robs this off-Broadway production of rightful humor, and the actors seem to admire the play without enjoying it. The translation into English is somewhat awkward and definitely requires idiomatic agility. Despite these production flaws, *Tango* is one of those rare and engrossing dramas that pays an evening-long courtesy call on the playgoer's mind.

TIME, JANUARY 31, 1969

MUSIC

SINGERS

The Hip Hick

Assuming that you can take the country out of a country singer, there was a lot to take out of Glen Campbell. His home town, Billstown, Ark., is about as country as you can get. The downtown section still consists of a grocery store, where Rastus Williamson sits on the feed sacks and talks to Sewell and Sissy Dabbs all day long every Saturday. Color television has come to town, though—in the form of the set that Glen gave his parents for Christ-



CAMPBELL (AND DANCER) ON TV
Taking the twang out of country.

mas. This week, in fact, relatives and friends will be gathered at the Campbell home to watch the premiere of a new weekly CBS program: *The Glen Campbell Goodtime Hour*.

Best of Breed. If Billstown has not changed much in the 15 years since he left, Campbell has. His voice still flows as smoothly as freshly skimmed cream, but the twang is tuned down and the phrasing is tuned up. The result is really a mild blend of pop, country, and a touch of rock. Indeed, at 30, Campbell is the most polished and successful of a whole breed of hybrid stylists—call them hip hicks or country slickers—who have invaded the pop bestseller charts in the past few years. Such others as Roger Miller, John Hartford and Jerry Jeff Walker have also flourished there. Campbell's own record sales soared to \$6,000,000 last year, with three of his albums selling to the tune of \$1,000,000 each.

The rangy (6 ft.), wheat-thatched

Campbell has also developed an easy-going stage presence, and although he still laces his conversation with exuberant shouts of "woowhee!" Billstowners would probably consider him suspiciously sophisticated. Besides having his own TV show, he has been signed to make six movies, starting with the forthcoming *True Grit*, a western in which he co-stars with John Wayne. In all, Campbell figures to make about \$3,000,000 this year, which is mighty good for somebody who recalls that he spent most of his early life "lookin' at the north end of a southbound mule. I always thought the world was made up of countrysides and cows and horses and pigs and chickens until I left home, you know."

Hitting Paydirt. The seventh son in a farm family of eight boys and four girls, Glen began to play a guitar at the age of four, when his father through a Sears, Roebuck catalog sent for one priced at \$5. He drew on whatever music was at hand: the hymns he sang in the choir at the Church of Christ, homely folk tunes, country pickin' that he heard at the county fair, and records on the radio—especially Hank Williams and Frank Sinatra. By the age of 14, he was proficient enough to say goodbye to school and begin touring the Southwest, first with an uncle's band, later with his own outfit. Many of the dates were at what he calls "dancin' and fightin' clubs," and he prudently trained himself to perform anything that a customer might request, whether it was *Avalon* or *Tumbling Tumbleweeds* or a jazz tune like *Easy*.

At 22, Campbell moved to Los Angeles, eventually gravitated to playing and singing backgrounds for recording stars such as Sinatra, Dean Martin, Elvis Presley, and the Mamas and the Papas. Despite his inability to read music, he was soon earning \$75,000 a year as a busy and versatile studio musician. He occasionally made a record on his own, but he never pushed to make himself a star performer. In 1967, however, he hit paydirt with his first big hit, *Gentle on My Mind*, and before he could say "woowhee!" he was host of the Smothers Brothers' summer TV show. That brought him out of the background for good.

Today, Campbell owns land in San Diego and apartment buildings in Los Angeles, golfs with Bob Hope, and once drove his own gold Cadillac. He is carefully trimmed and tailored and flashes his wide, country-boy smile with \$3,000 worth of handsomely capped teeth. He has only one real concern: preserving the quality that his career was built on. "My approach is simplicity," he explains with realistic candor. "If I can just make a 40-year-old housewife put down her dish towel and say 'Oh!—why then, man, I've got it made.'"

MEDICINE

INFECTIOUS DISEASES

Clean Sweep for HK-68

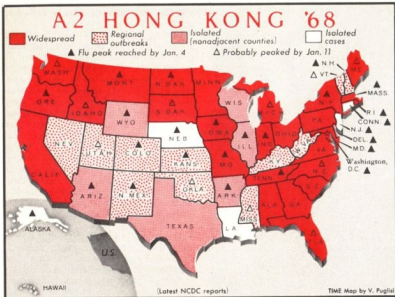
Hong Kong flu has now made a virtual clean sweep of the U.S. At its worst, it reached epidemic proportions in 39 states, according to the National Communicable Disease Center in Atlanta. Ten other states reported more localized outbreaks. Only in Louisiana have there been too few individual cases to warrant the term epidemic.

In any influenza outbreak, the symptoms vary widely. Some specialists in epidemics and infectious diseases are convinced that the virus labeled A₂-Hong Kong-68 is proving more variable than

enough to rate a new designation as A₃ is still questionable.*

Nevertheless, the limited similarities between older A₂ strains and HK-68 account for the sharp differences in symptoms among victims, according to the University of Illinois' Dr. Robert L. Muldoon. A severe bout of A₂ years earlier left some persons' systems ready to react instantly and forcibly against any related virus. Many of this winter's flu victims had never had Asian flu, and therefore had no foundation antibody on which to build a counterattack.

Camelback Effect. As a result, many physicians believe that HK-68 is especially threatening to young, healthy



most preceding strains. For one thing, many victims describe symptoms that seem conspicuously different from those of the patient next door. One man may suffer a three-day bout of sniffing, coughing, headache and muscle twinges, with little fever, while his neighbor may run a high fever, return to work after a miserable week in bed, and promptly suffer a disabling relapse.

Quick-Change Artists. Why does one man get off lightly, while another is hit so hard? The explanation may lie in both the nature of the virus and the patient's previous bouts with flu. The first A₂ Asian virus appeared in 1957 and laid low millions around the world. Thanks to antibody formation, these people developed substantial immunity against further illness from this virus or its kin. But flu microbes, almost unique among the 500 or more viruses that plague man, are capable of quickly altering their antigenic properties. Thus they require different antibodies to neutralize them. HK-68 certainly represents a major mutation from the A₂ of 1957-58. Whether it is different

adults. In most epidemics, only the aged, the infirm or the ailing young develop pneumonia as a result of direct infection of the lungs with flu virus. Others may develop a "secondary" bacterial pneumonia because their systems have been weakened by flu. By contrast, this winter more young men and women have gone rapidly from influenza to influenza pneumonia. Some victims get out of bed after a bout with the flu only to be hit by a second round. According to Dr. H. Bruce Dull, the NCDC's assistant director, most of the fault for this two-peak "camelback effect" lies in patients' impatience.

The latest bulletins from the NCDC report that the epidemic has passed its peak. But for disrupted organizations and miserable individuals, statistics are slim comfort. The new flu will still sicken thousands of Americans before it fades away.

* Two categories of flu virus appear most often in the U.S.—A and B. The A strains seem to mutate more rapidly, causing epidemics. A₁ appeared in the U.S. in 1947.

NUTRITION

One-Sixth of a Nation

Dr. Arnold E. Schaefer of the U.S. Public Health Service has studied nutrition levels in 33 developing nations and, unsurprisingly, found evidence of widespread hunger in most of them. Nearly two years ago, after Congress ordered a nutrition survey, Schaefer focused on his own country and, surprisingly, found that malnutrition is just as severe among the U.S. poor.

Testifying last week before Democrat George McGovern's Senate Committee on Nutrition and Human Needs, Schaefer reported that of 12,000 people examined (mostly in Texas, Louisiana and Kentucky, plus several hundred from upstate New York), 17% were undernourished enough to be considered "real medical risks."

Schaefer's statistics show that one-sixth of the nation is ill-fed—a definite improvement over Franklin D. Roosevelt's "one-third of a nation," but appalling nonetheless. One of every three children under six in Schaefer's sampling is anemic and 3.5% are physically stunted, a condition often accompanied by mental retardation. Among those ten or older, 96% have an average of ten missing, filled or decayed teeth. Particularly disquieting was the resurgence of diseases that were thought to have been wiped out. Among them:

► **GOITER**, a grossly enlarged thyroid gland caused by iodine deficiency. The condition was thought to have been eliminated during the Depression by persuading people to use iodized salt in their food. Now it has become endemic again, said Schaefer, affecting 5% of those studied—even though enough iodine to prevent goiter costs less than 4¢ per person per year.

► **RICKETS**, a condition resulting in soft, deformed bones. This is another disease supposedly eradicated 30 years ago, principally by adding vitamin D to milk. Though milk shipped abroad in U.S. food programs has long been required to have vitamin D additions, until last fall milk supplied in domestic welfare programs needed no such supplements.

► **KWASHIORKOR**, a drastic protein deficiency that has killed untold thousands of children in Biafra and scarred others with the hideous trademarks of hunger—large eyes and bloated bellies. Schaefer found seven U.S. cases.

► **NIGHT BLINDNESS**, a retinal malfunction caused by lack of vitamin A. Nearly a third of the children six or under suffered from the disease, while total blindness was considered a high risk for 13% of the entire sampling.

Schaefer hopes eventually to survey a total of ten states, including California, Massachusetts, Michigan, South Carolina, Washington and West Virginia. Mississippi, the poorest state, was not surveyed because, Schaefer indicated, Mississippiian Jamie Whitten, chairman of the House Agriculture Appropriations Committee, blocked the study.

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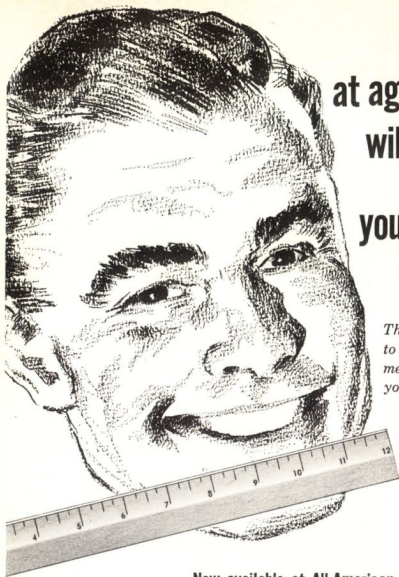
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CINEMA



BROWN & GUARD IN "RIOT"
New stereotypes for old.

NEW MOVIES

In Stir

Things have changed up the river. Lenny Bruce was fond of casting the typical oldtime prison flick with little-known B players: "Charles Bickford, Barton MacLane, George E. Stone, Frankie Darro, Warren Hymer, Nat Pendleton, and the Woman Across the Bay, Ann Dvorak." But now, judging from *Riot*, the big house has gone mod, and there is no need for such durable old stereotypes. *Riot* concocts a fresh new batch all its own.

As usual, the inmates are restless. They gripe endlessly, snarl out of the sides of their mouths and generally brood up a storm. Finally, the boys in isolation decide to do something about it. They bust out, take over the cell block and hold the guards as hostages. The object of the whole thing is to stall for time so that a few of the riot ringleaders (Jim Brown, Gene Hackman, Ben Carruthers) can tunnel under the wall and make a break for freedom.

Queens Row. Unlike the relatively benign characters in the Warner Bros. pen epics, however, the cons in *Riot* are a pretty unattractive bunch. They talk dirty and act even worse: they make squealers run a gauntlet, brew up a batch of raisin jack and get high and try to seduce one another in a cell block called Queens Row. The character that Bruce called "the handsome but mixed-up prison doctor, H. B. Warner," has been replaced by a sissified headshrinker whom the men lovingly refer

to as "that faggot psychologist." The warden, usually portrayed as tough but sympathetic, is played as a brutal martinet by Frank Eymann, who is a real-life warden.

Despite all this realism, *Riot* is about as convincing as *20,000 Years in Sing Sing*. Jim Brown is becoming a strong, silent screen presence, but that is not acting. Gene Hackman, a fine character actor, deserves better parts than the one he is given here, and audiences deserve better than the careless ease he brings to it. Although the year is still young, Ben Carruthers contributes what will surely stand as one of its worst performances. As a homicidal schizo, he twitches, shakes and gyrates like a dwarf holding a trip hammer.

Even in these bloody times, the violence in *Riot* is rather extravagant: when cons are shot in the chest, gore gushes from their mouths, and throats are slit with slashing abandon. Director Buzz Kulik shot the film entirely in the Arizona State Prison, more for the sake of novelty than authenticity. He never once manages to capture the claustrophobic frustration of prison life. Although *Riot* aspires to be reformist social criticism, it is about as effective—and moving—as a convict chorus of *Don't Fence Me In*.

Turnoff for Ballet

Childhood Productions, specialists in the tacky packaging of grim fairy tales for the kiddie film market, is inching up in the world. Not many inches, though. *Dr.?? Coppélius!!*. Childhood's version of the venerable ballet *Coppélia*, has Walter Slezak as an actor and Dame Alicia Markova as a consultant, but it still seems calculated, as far as ballet is concerned, to turn young audiences off.

The story—one of 19th century Romanticist E.T.A. Hoffmann's famous tales—is the one about a guy (Franz) and a doll (Coppélia). Coppélia is the handiwork of a sinister genius of a toymaker, Dr. Coppélius, and her clockwork is so clever that she seems alive, reading a book on a balcony and gesturing occasionally to the villagers below. When Franz is smitten, his enraged fiancée Swanilda invades the Coppélius premises, disguises herself as her mechanical rival and astonishes the toymaker by performing a variety of dances and wrecking his studio before the inevitable reconciliation with Franz.

The 98-year-old ballet is traditionally noted for the gaiety of its music by Léo Delibes and the opportunity it affords a ballerina to showboat her versatility as both Coppélia and Swanilda. Childhood's 97-minute version, however, is notable for its scratchy sound track and the generally lumpy dancing/acting of the company (Barcelona's Gran Teatre del Liceo). The sets, enlarged by 70-mm. film to fuzzy garishness on

a wide screen, have all the finesse and elegance of the model villages that come with toy trains.

Walter Slezak, mugging and waddling through the part of Dr. Coppélius, steals what there is to take of a show that is bound to look better when it finally gets to television—providing the reception isn't too good.

Promising, Promising

The *Amurrica* that we are building would be a threatened nation if we let freedom and liberty dah in Veet Nom.

The speaker is President Johnson, sounding the keynote address for *Greetings*, an anti-Establishment comedy of draft-age youth. In search of form, the movie pretends to cover the adventures of three men marking time before they get their "Greetings" from the draft board. In fact, the flip sketches never cohere into a whole picture; *Greetings'* vitality and weakness are both due to its inability to concentrate on any subject for more than a moment.

Despite its title, the film's political segments are negligible. The satires of the TV war correspondent and of the men trying to disable themselves before their preinduction physicals are older than General Hershey. Its satires on sex are far more outrageous—and successful. In a jet-black humorous sequence, a Kennedy-assassination-conspiracy theorist strips a girl—and then marks her body for the entry points of the bullets. The film's peak is a mockery of pornographic films that could laugh Grove Press out of business.

The word "promising" is one of those faint praises damned by artists. Translated, it means "skip this and catch the next one." After all, Producer Charles Hirsch, 26, and Director Brian De Palma, 28, filmed *Greetings* in two weeks for \$40,000. Because their exuberance and talent manifest themselves in frame after frame, their film has to be considered—well, promising.



ACTION IN "GREETINGS"
Black comedy and grey politics.

BOOKS

Unprepared for Revolution

OBSELETE COMMUNISM: THE LEFT-WING ALTERNATIVE by Daniel and Gabriel Cohn-Bendit. 255 pages. McGraw-Hill. \$5.95.

During "the Days of May," as Frenchmen call the chaotic weeks last year when France lay paralyzed by radical students and workers, much of the revolutionary fervor was provided by Daniel Cohn-Bendit, a chubby sociology student of German descent. They called him "Danny the Red"—not only because of his shock of reddish hair but because of the ideas with which he fired his fellow *enragés*. Dismayed by society, they demanded nothing short of a complete overthrow of the system. Now Cohn-Bendit, banished from France after his abortive attempt at revolution, has combined forces with his brother Gabriel, who is a professor of German at Saint-Nazaire university, to provide "an echo of the great dialogue that was begun in the forum of the Latin Quarter."

Obsolete Communism: The Left-Wing Alternative turns out to be a surprisingly literate book, considering that it was written in only five weeks. Only half jokingly, the authors note: "The publishers do not seem to be bothered by the fact that their cash will be used for the next round of Molotov cocktails."

As the Brothers Cohn-Bendit see it, the explosion of 1968—with its barricades, its bloody street battles, its crippling general strike—came within a hairbreadth of toppling Charles de Gaulle, "From the 27th to the 30th of May," they insist, "nobody had any power in France. The government was breaking up. De Gaulle and Pompidou were isolated. The police, intimidated by the size of the strike and exhausted by two weeks of fighting in the streets, were incapable of maintaining public order. The army was out of sight; conscripts could not have been used for a cause in which few of them believed. For a short time the state had virtually withered away." To this vision of millennia achieved, the brothers Cohn-Bendit add the somewhat wistful assertion that, if Parisians had awakened to find some major ministries occupied by the demonstrators, Gaullism "would have caved in at once."

Why, then, did the uprising fail? The authors argue that France's workers, although in actual control of many plants, "failed to take the next logical step: to

run the economy by themselves as free and equal partners." The reason: they were unprepared for the responsibility, "overwhelmed by the unexpected vistas that had suddenly opened up before them." Beyond that, the Cohn-Bendits blame the established left: the Communist Party, which they scornfully dismiss as "a mere appendage of the Soviet bureaucracy," and the left-wing *Confédération Générale du Travail*. Both, they charge, failed to exploit existing power vacuums. "The party of order and political wisdom," as Communist Boss Waldeck Rochet described his organization, opted for a Popular Front government. By so doing, say the



DANIEL COHN-BENDIT
Cash for the cocktails.

Cohn-Bendits, the Communists played into the hands of the Gaullists, allowing them to characterize the conflict as Stalinism v. the established system. The C.G.T. also sold out, they assert, by steering the political energies unleashed in the factories toward the bourgeois goals of higher wages and better working conditions instead of toward political power.

Uneasy Marriage. Yet the authors predict that the 1968 setback is temporary. "When the movement takes the offensive again, its dynamism will return," they claim. "One day the barricades will surely be raised again." But they admit that this will not happen until long-established barriers between French workers and intellectuals are torn down. The May events proved that the marriage between the two factions was at best merely convenient.

To form a worker-peasant-intellectual front, of course, there will have to be leadership—and that is something Daniel Cohn-Bendit, in line with his anarchist leanings, does not want. What

he does demand is a revolutionary mass movement "unencumbered by the usual chains of command." Since that can hardly come about without leadership, therein lies the dilemma of Cohn-Bendit and of anarchists in general.

His Father's Voice

THE BITTER WOODS by John S. D. Eisenhower. 506 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$10.

The son of a military hero has his problems. Life has given him not only a father to cope with but a commanding officer—and in special cases, not only a commanding officer but a myth. The son has two main choices. He can go AWOL as if his very life depended on it. Or, like the aide-de-camp who is so regularly there that no one notices him, he can play the role of absolutely loyal subordinate.

Few sons have had as big a shadow to live in as John Sheldon Doud Eisenhower. Few sons have seemed so willing to live in that shadow. At 46, young Eisenhower's physical resemblance to his father is, at certain angles, uncanny, and his first book suggests that the son may be almost as much think-alike as look-alike.

The Bitter Woods is a reconstruction of one of the general's finest hours when, as Allied Supreme Commander, he met Hitler's final desperate offensive in the Ardennes forest and bloodily threw it back. As young Eisenhower writes of what came to be known as the Battle of the Bulge, the reader almost hears the father's voice in the slightly formal prose relieved by occasional flashes of good humor.

500 Trainloads. Like Ike, John Eisenhower, retired as a lieutenant colonel after almost 19 years in the Army, thinks first and last as a professional soldier. *The Bitter Woods* is laid out rather as if it were an exercise at a war college. The questions raised are practical, if not out-and-out tactical:

Why did Hitler feel compelled to launch an offensive at the time he did? Answer: megalomania, plus his dominant military instinct: the best defense is an offense.

Should Hitler have aimed for Antwerp, as he did, in a grandiose dream of rolling back the Allies into the sea ("another Dunkirk")? Answer: probably not. A limited offensive, as his generals advised, would have lessened the risks, though they soberly gave themselves only a one-in-ten chance.

On the other side of the lines, why were the Allies so slow to spot the buildup? How did 500 trainloads of supplies cross the Rhine undetected? Answer: intelligence officers, like everybody else, tend to see only what they are looking for, and they were convinced that the Germans were on the defensive for good.

The judgment Eisenhower arrives at is a kind of professional soldier's consensus: 1) The Germans did all they could and then some, and in the end

brought off a small military miracle: "a beaten and demoralized army that was still fighting." 2) The Allies, given their two-to-one power advantage, would have had to blunder badly to lose.

Holdup Bait. Young Eisenhower, who was graduated from West Point the day of the Normandy invasion and who spent his graduation leave in Father's headquarters, has not only pored over the documents but revisited the battlefields. He has interviewed soldiers from both sides and all echelons, from squad leaders up to Field Marshal Montgomery. For the human or Willie-and-Joe side of war, though, the reader will still have to go to the likes of Cornelius Ryan (*The Last Battle*). Eisenhower earned a master's degree in Eng-

LYNN PELHAM



JOHN S. D. EISENHOWER

As much think-alike as look-alike.

lish from Columbia, while his father was university president, with a thesis on *The Soldier as a Character in Elizabethan Drama*. But no Pistols or Fluelens emerge here.

Occasionally Ike is shown in closeup, discussing the Ardennes front with Omar Bradley, for instance, with the "easy informality of two men who had played football together." Bradley sat slumped on a couch, holding an oversize pointer "like a fishing rod between his knees." Rather uncharacteristically, one young Ike anecdote does slip in. Back in the early 1920s, when they were bored peacetime soldiers at Fort Meade, Ike and George Patton used to drive back and forth at night along a lonely road where holdups were known to occur. Armed to the teeth, they offered themselves as bait—but in vain.

At other points, as in his treatment of Hitler and even Montgomery ("particularly vociferous—even troublesome"), Eisenhower half develops an essay on military will and the fanatic. But the exaltation and the madness of war are beyond John Eisenhower. What remains is the factual and therefore final-



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ly unreal record of rational men doing a skilled job according to the best professional standards. *The Bitter Woods* has its well-authenticated alarms, but the sound that the reader finally hears is that of chalk on the blackboard.

Rage Against God

BACKWARD TO THE FRONT OF THE DAY by James Robson. 144 pages. Doubleday. \$4.50.

Budgie Bill is not one of your ordinary English tramps. Wearing a fawn-colored overcoat with wing collars and an ancient trilby that looks like "a burst concertina," he haunts villages in the daytime and cities at night. More startling, he always walks backward and, if he pauses in his perambulations, he lies down instead of sitting.

In this grim little first novel by a 23-year-old Yorkshireman, Budgie is befriended by a 14-year-old boy and his dog Nightpoodle, by a girl who has two distinct personalities (a waif named Wendy and a whore called Olga), and by an erratic young painter. Each of them meets with personal disaster, and at the last terrified moment each sees, or thinks he sees, Budgie Bill.

It does not take long to realize that old Budgie is none other than God himself, posing this time as a wise, lovable friend to the mad and the innocent. Robson's message is that they would be just as well off without him. Indifferent to their suffering, he shuffles on backward, blinking at sunbeams and thinking thoughts like: "Each speck was a world just like ours and our world was only another speck dancing in someone else's old barn."

Robson's novel begins as a chatty account of village life that has charm reminiscent of J. D. Salinger. It soon becomes a vivid nightmare world of putrefying animal corpses and menacing gangs of anonymous attackers. In the end, *Backward to the Front of the Day* is unsatisfying. In his rage against God, Robson stacks so much against his human characters that they topple toward death before they fully come to life.

Little Aristocracy

A ROOMFUL OF HOVINGS by John McPhee. 250 pages. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. \$5.95.

Composing a *New Yorker* profile is a little like squeezing toothpaste from a half empty tube. Fighting all normal impulses, the writer begins at the wrong end. With infinite patience, he applies limp but meticulous pressure. After what seems like hours of low-level suspense, out oozes the substance. The only appropriate applause is a subdued "Hear, hear."

New Yorker Staffer John McPhee, a man who can write—and has written—a whole book about oranges, obviously has the qualifications of mind and temperament for the job. He combines the fastidious appetite for detail of a Sher-

lock Holmes with the snail's-pace anecdotal style of a Dr. Watson. Though the pulsebeat may be dangerously low, a quiet, almost shy affection comes through for the subjects he is writing about: Thomas P. F. Hoving, director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art; Euell Theophilus Gibbons, an authority on wild food (*Stalking the Wild Asparagus*); Robert Twynam, groundsman for the hallowed center grass court at Wimbledon; Temple Hornaday Fielding, author of *Fielding's Travel Guide to Europe*; and Carroll W. Brewster, an M.I.T. Fellow in Africa, who helped systematize the judicial system of the Sudan by colating five years of court cases.

Egyptian Tomb. What in the world can these people have in common? Mainly a sense of style—of marked, almost



JOHN MCPHEE

Appetite of Holmes, pace of Watson.

baroque individuality operating within a discipline. A classicist in technique, McPhee is nonetheless a romantic in his tastes. He relishes dash and flair: Hoving decorating the hallway of his apartment like an Egyptian tomb; Fielding traveling with Epervier mustard and a pepper grinder in his custom-made briefcase; Twynam looking like a mustachioed Member of Parliament as he moves on court to replace a divot.

The members of McPhee's little aristocracy are all professionals who perform their work with total competence and, in addition, some kind of *noblesse oblige*. Hoving escorts McPhee to his museum's Flemish collection with the zest of a "floorwalker on his way to the Hickey-Freeman suits" in a men's store. On a November foraging expedition in Pennsylvania, Gibbons and McPhee not only live pretty much off the land for six days but also gain weight in the process as they wash down nuts and mushrooms with natural beverages: pine-needle tea, wintergreen tea, witch-

hazel tea, pennyroyal tea, and, of all things, sumacade.

At a modest, unassuming level, McPhee has Fellow Princetonian Scott Fitzgerald's feeling for personality as a series of successful gestures. An M.I.T. Fellow diplomatically down a half a gallon of camel's milk and five pounds raw liver at a Sudanese feast—and the gesture serves a purpose beyond the merely dramatic. Often the gestures have to justify themselves: a jeweler's showcase of charming and ornamental human graces. Even then, the reader senses McPhee's unspoken assumption that gestures add up not only to personality but to character, just as these pieces themselves implicitly add up to the code of a hip George Apple.

Difficulties & Ecstasy

IMPOSSIBLE OBJECT by Nicholas Mosley. 219 pages. Coward-McCann. \$4.95.

Cinema's *nouvelle vague* has washed over fiction, leaving on the beach a number of books that are full of non sequiturs and characters who are used as themes rather than as people. Above all, under the influence of Resnais and Godard, time and reality are cast adrift.

Nicholas Mosley, whose work has been adapted for films by Harold Pinter, is a case in point. His novels (*Accident*, *Assassins*) are explicitly cinematic. In *Impossible Object*, he begins with the appropriately open-ended notion that "society used to provide the difficulties that made love exciting and romantic. But in today's world, men and women must now create the difficulties in order to perpetuate love at the level of ecstasy." The trouble is that Mosley's characters, a nameless man and woman who are married to others at the opening, create the dreariest and most passive of difficulties. The book jumps back and forth in time, showing them at various stages of their affair. Their problems are scarcely the sort to elicit ecstasy—or belief: Where is her diaphragm? Is their love-making a hostile act? On her part or his? Shall she go to work that day? Shall he commit suicide if she does go to work? Or shall he write his novel?

None of it matters until the end of the book, when the lovers, having established their own household, contrive to act out all their negative impulses in one big destructive act: the drowning, through negligence, of their child. The novel, which is self-indulgent in the extreme, would not matter either except for the precision of Mosley's prose, the aphorisms with which he decorates it, and the nagging feeling he gives the reader that perhaps he has, almost despite himself, hit on an authentic form of meaninglessness. Cut off from roots and skeptical of society, his characters believe in nothing, have no convictions and scarcely any individuality. No one can prosecute them for their baby's death, and the tragedy finally establishes a permanent bond between them.

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